

BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
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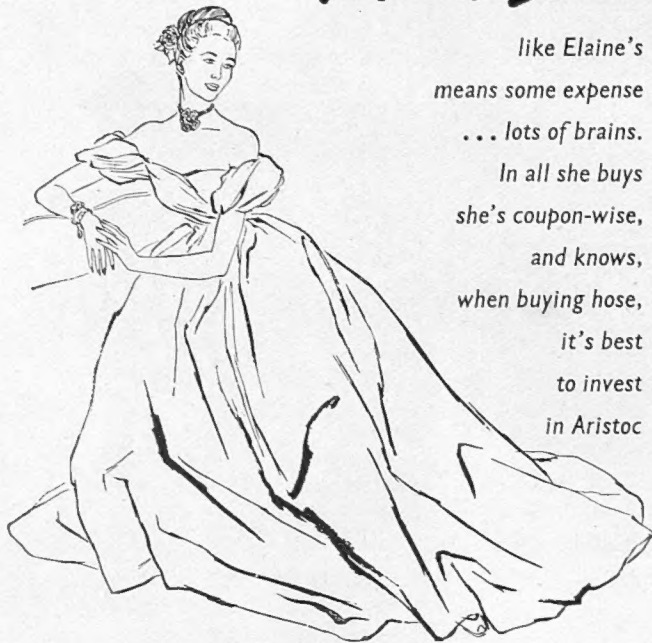
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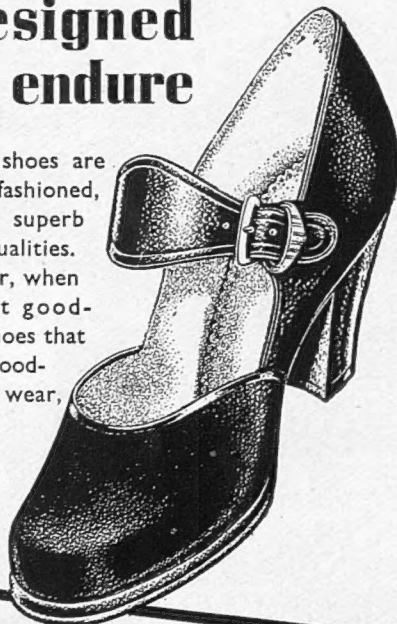
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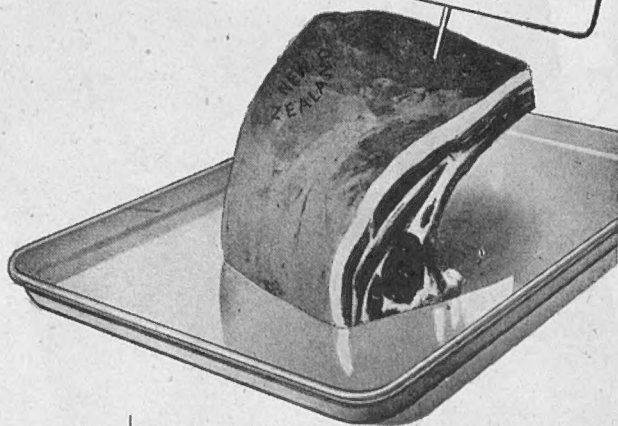
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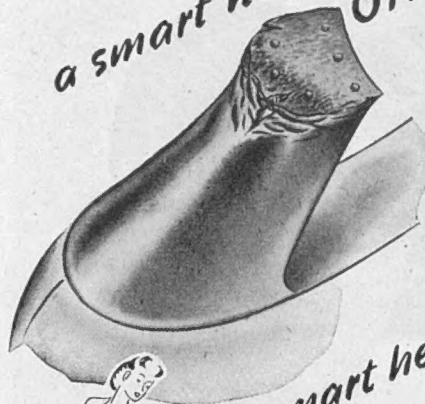


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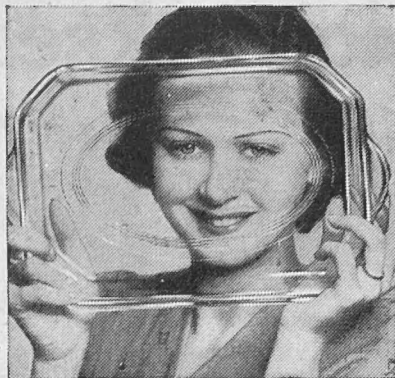
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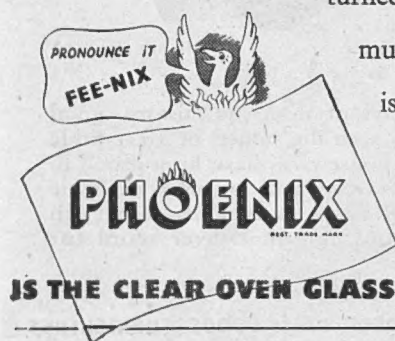


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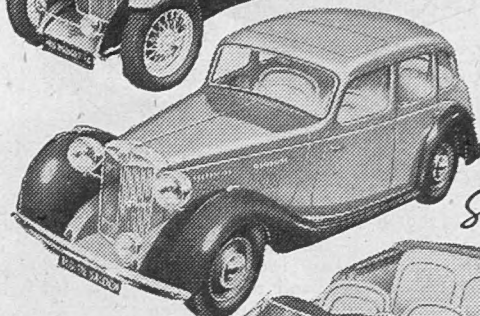
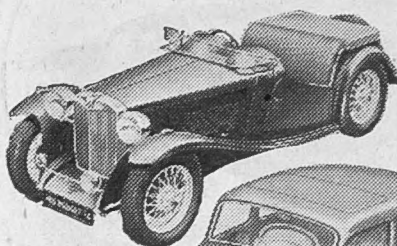
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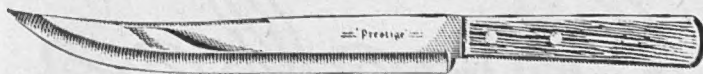
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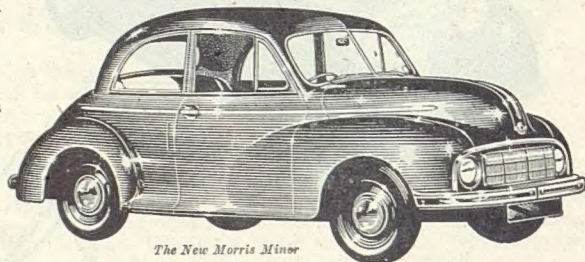
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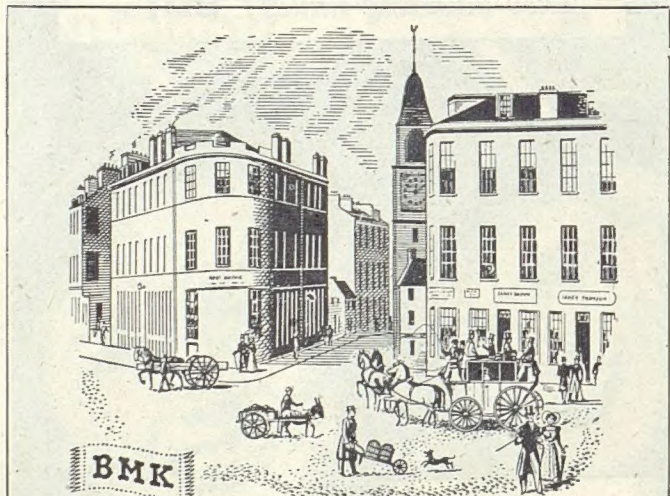
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Britannia and Eve



Glowing with complacency, Spike found himself in a small hired car driving towards his flat. Beside him, in red slacks and a green pullover, was Sheila

SPIKE DENTON had earned a dishonest living for twelve years, largely in the field of illegal supply and demand. He had cleaned up pretty well, too; for, as a business associate, Cuts Finkstein, frequently remarked, Spike was a "wide guy." Latterly, however, the rackets had been getting sadly overcrowded and Spike was wondering whether a really wide guy wouldn't perhaps switch to something different. At this juncture he came upon the full-page picture in the *Social Weekly*.

It showed a distinguished-looking man, still youthfully handsome, in a garden chair. By him stood a young girl with tip-tilted nose and two ropes of dusky hair. She was snuggled up close, her as-yet-unformed hips tightly encircled by his arm, smiling down at him with wholehearted worship. The man was returning her gaze with one of protective adoration. Perfect mutual understanding and companionship simply radiated from the pair.

Over it Spike read "Real Pals." Underneath, "Only daughter of famous actor Michael Farlaine, fifteen-and-a-half-year-old Sheila has, since her mother's death last year, been the inseparable companion of . . ." At which point he had his big idea.

That worshipping look in Michael Farlaine's eyes ought to be worth money. Cuts Finkstein had said that guys with their names in lights often drew down around two hundred nicker a week. Plenty sugar that! Still, Spike would be reasonable—say, two thousand pounds. The determining factor, of course, was that he possessed a discreet little four-roomed flat near Lancaster Gate—and a housekeeper who could keep her mouth shut. Just the set-up for hiding away a child for the short time it would take a distracted and adoring father to come across . . .

Spike, in fact, had decided to enter the snatch game. Cuts Finkstein could keep his coupon deals and whisky transfers. Spike, the wide guy, had a hunch that the old rackets were now best. He went straight home and told Mrs. Loring he was shortly expecting a young niece on a brief visit.

During the next week his scheme took shape. The following

Tuesday—a matinée day for Michael Farlaine—it came to successful fruition. Glowing with complacency, Spike found himself in a small hired car driving towards his flat. Beside him, in red slacks and a green pullover, was Sheila. A telephone call, purporting to come from the Cosmos Theatre, that her father was sending a car for her on an urgent matter, had done the trick.

"What is up?" she kept asking excitedly. "I'm glad Daddy's not ill, but *why* does he want me? Something thrilling, I—I say! This isn't the way to the Cosmos."

"No, my dear." No trusted friend of the family could have spoken in fruitier voice. "Your father wishes to meet you at a flat in Lancaster Gate."

"Why on earth . . . ?"

"He'll tell you himself."

"Oh." There was a new note in her voice. Spike could see her thoughtfully twisting the end

of one of her long plaits. Suddenly she said breathlessly: "I don't think you're telling the truth."

Spike's complacency abruptly tottered. "Really, Miss Sheila, that's rather a—"

"Exactly *where* are we going, then?"

Spike realised this challenge to truth had to be met squarely. It didn't matter her knowing: she'd be there soon, anyway. "5A, Billiter Mews, W.2," he replied with injured candour, and rushed into a story of a sick friend to whom her father had been summoned.

"Of course," she interrupted with a note of renewed excitement, "if it *weren't* true, I'd scream and you'd have

to stop and I'd call the—"

Spike felt his plan was getting out of control. Firm action was needed. He drew into the kerb. "Now lookit here," he began, stepping out of character. "What goes on? I've been asked to do this job for your Dad and you start belly-aching."

Sheila's eyes danced. "Lovely! Just like—what was that film? . . . I say! Do you know *what*? I think you're trying to kidnap me!"

The Wide Guy

A Short Story

by

Anthony Armstrong

Illustrations by Frank Lea



"Eh? Wazzat?" Spike bade farewell to his scheme with a strangled gulp. He was glad Cuts Finkstein could not see the wide guy now. "It's—it's a sort of joke of your father's," he essayed, but the child was pursuing her own train of thought.

"I've often thought it'd be smashing to be kidnapped! Imagine telling them at school! How long would it have been for? Till Daddy paid the ransom?"

"Yes. No. I—here! You hop out and scram! A friendly kid like you'll give a guy a chance to get clear."

"It'd make Daddy sit up," she giggled. "I say! Suppose I agree to be kidnapped? Will you be nice to me? I mean, there's simply tons of things I'm dying to do Daddy won't let me."

"You're nuts!" shouted Spike, only anxious to get clear of the whole fiasco; then had a sudden second thought. Perhaps after all, incredible as it might seem, the scheme could go through. "Maybe you've got something," he corrected, and added solemnly: "Sheila, I guess I can treat a young lady proper."

"O.K. It's a go! 'Cos I think I like you—here, don't start off! I want some luggage."

"Luggage?" stammered Spike.

"I can't come like this: you'll only be caught. These red slacks stick out a mile." The self-confident little voice babbled on conspiratorially. "I'll go back home and pack a bag and lay a false trail for Cookie—she saw you fetch me, you know—and join you at the flat. O.K.?"

"Wazzat?" Complete disintegration threatened Spike's mind. They were coming off the bat too fast. He'd never envisaged a willing kidnappee, let alone one who had to be given time to pack. Before he could collect himself there was a lithe disentangling of red-trousered legs and she was out of the car. Came an excited mutter in his ear: "5A, Billiter Mews. This is tops! Be seeing you!" And she was gone.

IT took Spike, sitting dazedly at the wheel, quite a time to catch up with the last swift

five minutes. Then he pulled himself together, returned the hired car and, after hanging around a while, cautiously 'phoned his flat. He was too wide a guy to risk walking straight into the arms of the police. But Mrs. Loring announced importantly that his niece had just arrived: incredibly, it seemed the kid was on the level...

At first he hardly recognised her. Gone was the untidy

From the squeaks of rapture with which Sheila and Mrs. Loring pointed out to each other the finer nuances of the frock, he could see it gave a great deal of pleasure, but it was a hell of a chunk of dough just for a dress



trousered schoolgirl; instead was a snappily-dressed junior miss, whose plaits were not to be seen, though her hat bulged suspiciously.

"Hullo! Here I am! I told Cookie a tale, so I won't be missed till evening. What a super little flat! Mrs. Loring's rather sweet, isn't she? She asked was I your niece, so I said yes. You're Uncle what?"



"Spike," he heard himself saying, the dream-like quality of the situation enveloping him once more.

"It couldn't be anything else," she approved. "Uncle Spike! I'll be Maureen. You see, you mustn't call me Sheila in the street. Your niece, Maureen Finnegan."

Spike decided to fight for the remnants of his plan. "No streets, Sheila! You gotta keep under cover, see, while I contact your father."

"I don't want to," said the girl mutinously.

"We can't have you being recognised." Too late he realised that unconscious "we" had implied partnership and the right to argue.

"But people will be looking out for plaits—horrible things!—and I'll keep them hidden . . . like this. And I could make up. I've done it in secret, though Daddy doesn't like it. And we won't go anywhere I might be known. And shutting me up would be *fearfully* cruel . . ."

In the end Spike agreed. Secretly he rather liked the idea of taking her out.

"Well, that's settled," said Sheila complacently. "Shall we do a show to-night? And can we have supper somewhere terrifically naughty?"

Spike suddenly realised that the whole thing was going to be rather enjoyable. "But first," he said, reasserting what dominance was left him, "I must write to your father."

"Golly!" went Sheila, overawed. This *was* life. "I say! Can I help? Oh, Uncle Spike! Please! Then they won't trace your handwriting . . ."

That was smart, thought Spike. She had something . . .

The resultant letter was not quite as Spike himself would have phrased it. But then, he had never visualised being helped by the actual victim, determined to provide herself with a proper blood-and-thunder background. Sentences like "incarcerated against her will" and "not a hair of her head will be harmed" were, he felt, laying it on a bit. He insisted, however, on Farlaine's acceptance being signified by a "Personal" notice in the *Daily Mail*: he was against the money being left by night in a hollow oak on Primrose Hill. "I'm taking care of the money angle," he announced firmly.

THE rest of the evening was a great success.

Spike, thoroughly enjoying his vicarious avuncularity, slapped money around for anything the kid fancied. Her delight in everything was so patent that he even offered to buy her an evening frock, following some childish remark at supper that she wasn't properly dressed; whereupon she jumped straight up and kissed him. Spike, beaming, contrasted this unspoilt innocence with the gold-digging tactics of his more usual companions. He sent her to bed in hazily ecstatic gratitude for "such a smashing time."

Variations on "Famous Actor's Daughter Vanishes" flared across the columns next morning. An enchanted Sheila, breakfasting luxuriously amongst the pillows, read them to Spike, grinning complacently on the end of the bed. "Listen to what Daddy said about me here," she kept repeating. Spike listened in dutiful wonder: in his line of business, to feature in the press was a matter for grave concern, not pride.

At last she shed the papers. "It's all absolutely super . . . Uncle Spike! Can we—can we, *please*—go shopping this morning?"

"Okey-doke," said Spike amiably.

"Oo, *thank* you!" Sheila literally erupted from bed. "There's tons of things I . . . Could I get some American-style shoes? And nylons? And some *Dawn* lipstick? And there's that frock you promised. And could I—"

"All right! All right!" Spike fled before the enraptured torrent.

It was the discovery that Spike possessed unlimited clothing coupons—one of Cuts Finkstein's sidelines—that went straight to Sheila's head. Her extravagant delight bewildered him: he'd have supposed that a rich and famous guy like her father would have had all the coupons he wanted. And in spite of having gone home to pack, the girl seemed singularly unprovided. Still, there was sense in her suggestion he should buy her completely new clothes because they'd by now have checked up on what she'd taken away. It turned out an expensive morning, but Spike didn't grudge it: after all, the whole thing was due to her co-operation in the first place. And it was certainly a thrill

to have her on his arm, pleading adorably: "Oh, Uncle Spike! Please!"

After lunch came the frock. Sheila was swept into the maw of a glossy Bond Street ménage, while Spike was ignored till needed to settle the bill. The amount staggered him; but in return he staggered the dressmaker by paying in elderly pound-notes. In Spike's walk of life one did not deal in cheques—or, indeed, any traceable currency.

"It's the darlingest frock I've ever had!" gurgled Sheila as they went, squeezing his arm. "Now you'll be able to take me somewhere frightfully smart where there's dancing."

"Not on your life! Dances are out!"

"Oh, Uncle Spike! Please! . . ."

But Spike had bought an evening paper. "Actor's Daughter Held to Ransom" captioned a picture of a distraught Farlaine, letter in hand. Underneath was a pathetic story about how he had taken the news.

"That's just how he sat in the third act of *Another's Love*," commented Sheila over his shoulder. "I wonder if he . . . I say! Let's go to the Cosmos to-night! . . . Oh, Uncle Spike! Please! We'll go in the pit: Daddy only looks at the stalls where the money is . . ."

Reassured, Spike agreed. He was anxious to see the adoring parent's reactions. But little showed behind the usual polished Farlaine performance, though at the curtain he made a broken little speech of thanks for a sympathetic reception and was loudly cheered.

"Isn't he tops!" said Sheila. "The best actor on earth." Somehow this gave Spike a great sense of his own cleverness—Sheila's help conveniently forgotten—in snatching such an important guy's daughter. He could hardly wait till the job was through and news of the wide guy's latest got around amongst the boys. Even Mrs. Loring had been looking at him with a new respect, ever since she'd guessed from the papers; but she was safe. She knew there'd be something in it for her.

Next day was still too early for the expected Personal Column announcement, but "Nation-Wide Search for Sheila" dominated the Press. A strong subsidiary angle was again Michael Farlaine bearing the blow—carrying on bravely but with a sword in his heart. "I bet that's Daddy," commented Sheila.

Spike spent the morning getting more ready cash. He left Sheila embroiled with more scents, lipsticks and other aids to beauty than a woman of forty would need. She was having the time of her life, and Mrs. Loring, now a devoted slave, was helping her. The flat reeked of femininity, and Spike was glad to escape.

She looked so smart when he returned for lunch that he took her to Kempton Park races, where three hot tips proved annoyingly lukewarm. His losses were only equalled by Sheila's, who borrowed brazenly, enchantingly and freely to back horses with funny names.

Back in London the evening frock had not yet been sent. "Oh!" wailed Sheila. "And I was looking forward to dancing to-night."

Spike was angry with her for the first time. "I told you before, we ain't going to no dances."

Tears suddenly stood in the child's eyes; her mouth drooped pathetically. "Oh!" One word only—but it was the very essence of every woman's brokenhearted acceptance of brutal male decision. A tear dropped on her hand and she wiped it off with a plait . . .

Within one minute, Spike, who'd never seen her cry, was patting her shoulder and promising she should dance the following night and that he would ring up the shop and tell them to send the frock at once, or else . . .

"Darling Uncle Spike!" The tears might never have been. "Tell you what! To-night let's go to a music-hall."

But Spike was now getting doubtful about too much capering about in public with everyone on the look-out. "Say, wouldn't a film be safer?"

"I don't want to."

"Now, Sheila," he said firmly, "you sit down and pick out a nice film."

"But, Uncle Spike . . ."

It took all Sheila's dewy-eyed protestations that she was Maureen Finnegan, backed by the hastily-summoned Spike's aggressive defence of his favourite niece, to brush her off. Even when Sheila triumphantly pointed out that the missing girl had long plaits, the woman only stared pointedly at her concealing hat. The pair left as soon as the second half started.

"You see," said Spike severely. "But," countered Sheila, "it was my having long ago thought of being Maureen saved us." Spike admitted the justice of her remark. "And you were absolutely wonderful, Uncle Spike, the way you told her off. Just like Humphrey Bogart." Spike, preening himself, admitted the justice of that too.

(Continued on page 48.)

A bearded old beggar with a faded flower in his lapel, who had twice pestered him, finally addressed him in the resonant voice of Michael Farlaine as "Mr. Kidnapper, I presume?"



THAT night, at the music-hall, Spike's fears were realised. While he was getting Sheila coffee, an elderly woman approached her and voiced some definite comments on her resemblance to the kidnapped Farlaine child.



MAN INTO SUPERMAN

THEY swam with smoothly powerful strokes the mile from submarine to land, and all the way they did not need to lift their heads to breathe. In the moonless night they scaled, with apelike arms and prehensile feet, an almost vertical 300-foot cliff. Like hunting cats they slid through the dark between the watch posts; and at the blowing point, in the inky blackness, they assembled the small atomic time-bomb without using a light.

If you had killed and examined one of these rubbery black creatures before it slipped back into the sea, you would have found that it was not, after all, a superhuman organism from some invading planet. Human mechanical ingenuity and scientific technology had just equipped an athletic man with enough extensions of his own limbs and sensory organs to enable him to perform superhuman feats.

The exploit occurred during some recent military manoeuvres conducted—well, the technical details are secret anyway, so make your own guess as to whether it was Russia, America, Britain, or the independent State of Monaco. But if third World War does not detonate before some of these things come off the secret list, they inevitably will be adapted and made available for the peaceful and pleasurable uses of ordinary unmilitary people like you and me.

The sum total of these appliances, here or on the way, is bound to change life considerably. New games, pastimes, and adventures will be possible when young men and women can bound over five-barred gates and six-foot hedges, leap and catch a branch eight feet from the ground and swing from tree to tree like an ape in the woods and forests, and go hunting or playing hide-and-peek in the dark.

One of the aids to these feats is a "gorilla grip," which you fit to your hands and further secure—the extension also minimizes arm strain and joint wrench—by an arm sheath and shoulder straps. It gives you a grip like a steel grapple. Another is, a sort of seven-league boot, which looks rather like a thigh-length fishing boot, but is rubber-mounted and spring-fitted to give great bounding power—wearing these boots you can leap about like a mountain goat. The technique of night sight is still an elaborately intricate business linking you to heavy batteries and trailing wires, and likely to stay that way until the scientists find a simpler method of making the human eye sensitive to light waves in the high-frequency infra-red range.

Many similar things to extend and enlarge our physical powers, and sensory ranges and selectivity, are regarded as

practical projects worth costly research for military purposes. It is sad that most of them are linked to war. But in our cock-eyed world the huge sums of money needed to equip research and speed development are only forthcoming under the spur of military supremacy competition.

Radio-narrow-coasting was developed for first World War. After it, the process was reversed, and out of it sprang broadcasting. The goggle-fishers of Antibes may or may not have suggested the fish-feet and underwater masks used by the gentlemen who in second World War specialized in swimming out to a warship and attaching an explosive charge to its hull below the water-line; but the war developments have made these fishy additions to feet and breathing apparatus a post-war commonplace of the pleasure coasts and beaches. Several fashionables at Juan les Pins this year created a small stir by going one better with a light diving helmet enabling a competent

under-water swimmer to walk a shallow sea-bed and play around down there, mermaid and merman fashion, for a few minutes. Soon, these will create no more interest than the goggle mask, with its breathing tube, which even

the kids swim around in now. There will be so many of them.

The next excitement is likelier to be equipment which you can fit on to increase power and swim-speed in the water, turn yourself into a human hydroplane. You get speed-swimming by rhythmic, steady application of power in the water (at least, that's Western man's practice: the Jap goes in for acceleration of arm stroke). Streamline your body some more, and add lateral fins, and equipment to increase arm pull and leg drive, and a normally good swimmer, taking the first 100 yards or so to work up pace, may be able to make a mile in calm water in twenty minutes which is about thirty seconds better than the dreams of world champions. I have seen the blue-print for this superman swimsuit, with the elaborate but still theoretical calculations which have charmed money into the research and experimenting needed to make this swim dream come true—if it can come true.

The notion that there is money in it stems from the proven fact that people pursue an endless dream that has no discernible frontier: both consciously and unconsciously they are always striving to push beyond the limits that Nature imposed on the design for *homo sapiens*. Modern man can run faster than his natural design for running. He achieves this by building a cinder track and putting steel spikes on his feet to grip it. There's even more than that to it. By putting engineering brains to work he has, over the last forty (Continued on page 52)

By
C. Patrick
Thompson

The Mystery Of Migration

By
Frank W. Lane



Common heron taking off from a tree top. Notice the slots in wings which act as a safety device somewhat similar to the slots in the wings of aeroplanes



A lapwing in flight. In 1927 hundreds of lapwings flew non-stop from England to Newfoundland in a winter gale

WHERE birds go in the winter-time was a puzzle to the minds of men for thousands of years. Early hieroglyphic writings in ancient Egypt record the seasonal arrival of the cranes, and in Greek poetry there are various references to the sudden comings and goings of the swallows. Some writers claimed that the birds that were seen no more had changed into other animals. Another widely held belief was that some birds spent the winter buried in the mud of ponds and lakes. Even to-day, although we know a great deal about migration, we are still a long way from understanding it fully.

The urge which causes a bird to migrate is one of the strongest instincts in Nature. Birds have been known to leave their young to die of starvation when the imperative call has come to fly to distant lands. Two young swans which, owing to broken wing bones were unable to fly, tried to follow their parents on their migratory flight *on foot*.

The immediate stimuli which cause millions of birds to fly across continents and oceans as the seasons change are still debated by ornithologists. Light and meteorological conditions, as well as a sort of internal rhythm in the birds themselves, probably play important parts in setting the birds off on their aerial odysseys.

Whatever the immediate cause of migration, it is easy to see the benefits which come to the birds as a result of their migratory flights. Like the "idle rich" of days gone by, the birds can leave England in the autumn, spend the winter in sunny climes where food is abundant, and return to the land of their

birth when spring again makes all things new.

Much of our present knowledge of the ways of migratory birds is owing to the technique of ringing. Small metal rings are attached to the legs of birds, both nestlings and adults. A record is kept of each ring and when, as frequently happens, someone finds a dead ringed bird and returns the ring to the address marked on it, another little piece in the jig-saw of migration is complete.

Ringing has been practised for nearly sixty years, and in this country alone about three quarters of a million birds have been thus marked. Only a small proportion of the rings are eventually recovered, of course, but these are sufficient to supply most valuable information.

In addition to telling how long the bird lived after



Five male goosanders flying in migrating formation

being marked, the returned rings also tell where, and at what time of the year, the bird died. If a few hundred rings for the same species of bird were recovered these would be sufficient to give a fair idea of the migratory habits of the species as a whole. Suppose, for example, that all the rings were recovered either from Britain (in the summer) or Africa (in the winter) or from places in between, then it would indicate that these birds regularly spend the summer in Britain and the winter in Africa.

The recoveries of rings from places in between would be a guide to the probable route over which the birds migrate.

Ringing has proved that some remarkable flying feats are performed by various birds. An Arctic tern had its "birth certificate" placed on its leg in Labrador in July and on the first



A flight of migrating widgeons flying over Denmark

of October of the same year the bird was found in France. Thus at the tender age of some four months the bird had made a journey of 2,500 miles. Even more remarkable was the feat of another tern which was also ringed in Labrador. It was found later in Natal, in South Africa, having flown nearly 10,000 miles before it was six months old!

Arctic terns fly far greater

(On right) An avocet in full flight. Notice the characteristically curved beak

(Below) A razorbill about to alight. Notice how the feet are dropped and the stumpy tail spread to its fullest extent



distances than any other birds in the world. A nest of one of these birds was found only 450 miles from the North Pole. The winter quarters of the tern are near the Antarctic seas. Thus these small birds make a migratory flight of some eleven thousand miles twice every year, in addition to the necessary mile-ages set up in foraging for food. The total distance flown each year by these restless wanderers must be in the region of 30,000 miles.

One of the most remarkable non-stop migratory flights ever recorded took place in December, 1927, when hundreds of lapwings (Continued on page 68)

(Below) Swooping down like a fighter plane this gull-billed tern attacks the photographer



Celestial Hot Spot

By Ferdinand Tuohy

MACAO had been asleep for a hundred years. Asleep? No—say drowsing at the mouth of Canton's river as the most indolent, dream-like place in the Far East. Only once in that time had this oldest colonial possession in the world, this Portuguese tip not much bigger than Gibraltar, been rudely awakened: when 300,000 refugees flocked into its neutral sanctuary in 1940.

For five years Macao couldn't find room to stretch its limbs, a thing it had constant occasion to do. Its *far niente* in most picturesque and insinuating surroundings was grossly impinged upon. But came the day when Japan was sunk and the unholy crush retreated, leaving Macao to slip back into its legendary lethargy. Rare tourists would sample its other-worldly spell, a number of South China's foreigners would revel in its summer holiday loveliness, and that would be about all.

It hasn't worked out like that one bit. Talk with people returned from the China Seas and it's odds on they'll soon mention Macao. They'll tell you of its haunting, uncanny beauty "set in the still sad glories of autumn." They'll tell you it's like stepping back into a world long gone wherein Portuguese and Chinese combine not only to form a perfect rococo style—and this against an oriental Riviera landscape—but unite in tranquil withdrawal from the scurry and worry of life.

Your friends will enthuse—those who like it that way. But like as not they'll add: "By Jove, though, it's some place, Macao! A hot spot! Everything goes there! *Everything!*"

OUTWARDLY Macao is still much of a tarnished relic dominated by an ancient hill-top cathedral which, on inquiry, reveals itself as a burnt-out façade. The mile-long Praya Grande circling the port remains the painter's joy that entranced a Chinnery in the distant past, and from it rise stepped streets and

alleys under whose tropical foliage gossip and the guitar oust mundane cares. The packed Chinese quarter has hardly altered. The hills outside are dotted with churches and institutions often in a state of decay.

Some date from mid-sixteenth century when the Portuguese entered on more than 100 years of pioneer monopoly trading out of which grew Macao on an empty spit of land. More of the surviving white buildings date from a second phase, what may be called the palmy days of the East India Company.

In 1686 the Chinese threw open Canton to all Western ships but insisted that the "barbarians" should leave Canton for six months every year, during which their factories were idle. So where else should the "foreign devils" betake themselves but down the Pearl River to delightful, soft and sensuous Macao still in Portuguese possession?

Wives and families came to live there all the year round—a real cats' corner it must have been—but it was from March to October that things really hummed, while the males were relaxing locally. Macao became a by-word for high living. Wicked ladies from the West braved the vasty deep to get there, though it meant adding to a markedly feminine preponderance.

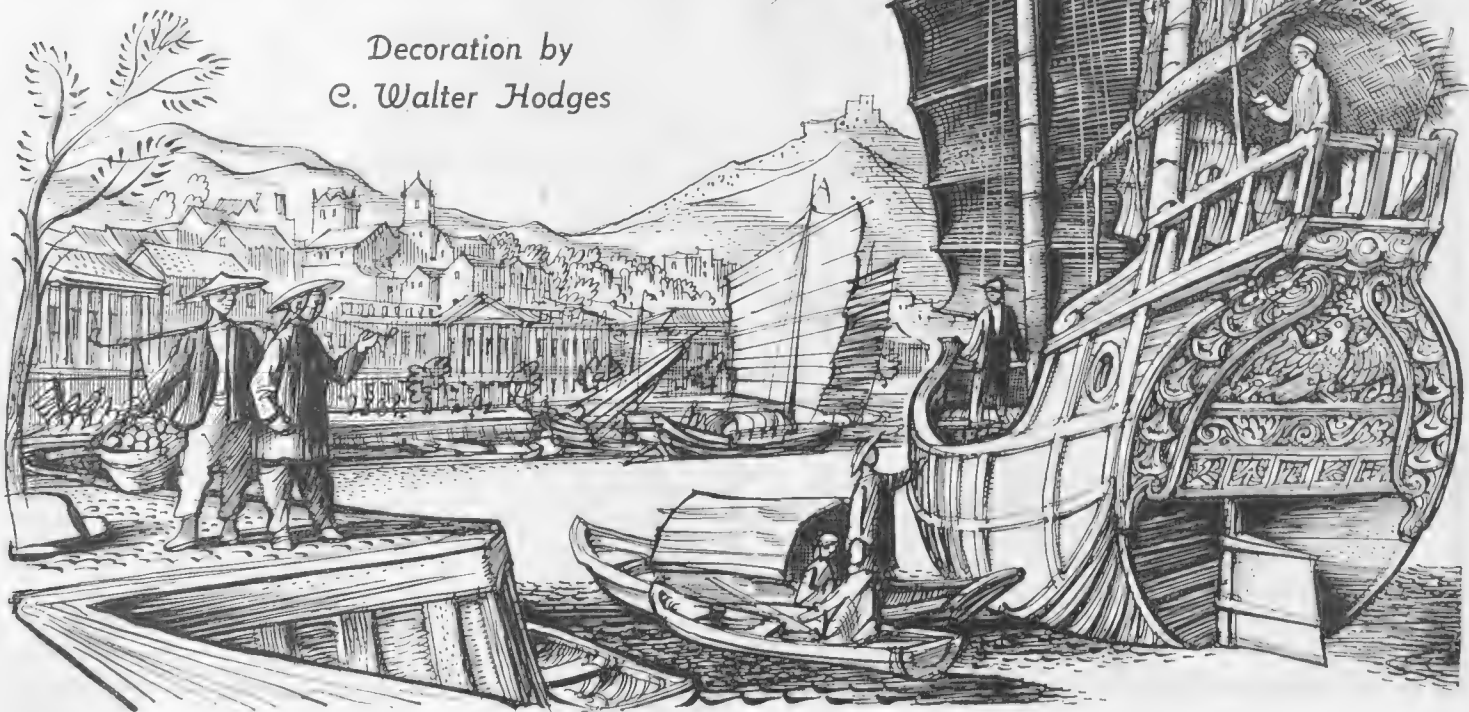
Gay social seasons spanned the eighteenth century during which Portuguese power dwindled and that of the English soared . . . until a day in 1840 when they packed up hastily and hopped over to the emptiness of Hongkong under the forceful attentions of one Lin who did not like Britain's opium trade.

It was thereafter that Macao went into its long drowse, relegated as it swiftly was by Hongkong

competition and having neither will nor energy to do anything about it.

To-day the word "museum" is on the tip of the tongue as the visitor roams over the strip three miles long by half a mile wide, upon which live 200,000 people, only a few thousand of whom are Portuguese. The sleepy, shallow harbour with its listless shipping, the little business that is done in fish and rice, breathe a dead past. Indeed (Continued on page 54)

Decoration by
C. Walter Hodges



THE unanimity with which passers-by turned their heads to look after the tall man, as he strode vigorously along the Avenue Kleber, attracted the slightly protuberant eye of Gendarme Goubillon.

Hooking his thumbs in his belt, the stout agent of police paused in the shade of a tree to observe unobtrusively what amounted to a discreet commotion.

This was an aristocratic quarter of Paris, and now, at four o'clock of an August afternoon, a mellow sunshine gilded the massive and elegant architecture, polished the disdainful windows of dealers in *objets d'art*, and glorified the frocks of ladies of fashion.

Crass curiosity was uncommon in surroundings of such decorum, yet all eyes turned to follow the tall man.

At a loss to construe the expression on the faces of the onlookers, Goubillon twisted thoughtfully the skewers of his waxed moustache as he watched the approach of the cynosure of interest.

Well over six feet in height, the man was dressed immaculately in striped trousers, black jacket, double-breasted, grey waistcoat, black bowler precisely slanted. He carried an ebony-knobbed cane and pigskin gloves; a cordless monocle glittered in his right eye. Apparently in the middle forties, he was cleanshaven, with a square, hard, bone-white face and a gargoyle mouth.

His bearing was one of almost tigerish force and arrogance; yet, though he would have been anywhere a salient figure, the attention he attracted was abnormal. And he himself seemed, now, to become aware of the looks and whispers. His black brows drew together; his eyes, lizard-grey in deep, bony sockets, darted suspicious, quick, sidelong glances. His stride lengthened. He passed Goubillon—and at once there smote like a thunderclap upon the gendarme the reason for the sensation.

High up on the man's powerful shoulders, a square of white cardboard was clipped to the collar of his jacket. In black, crude capitals, in French, there glared from the cardboard four stark words:

I AM A MURDERER

For a moment, the gendarme stood staring in stupefaction. Then, with a glance at the people gaping and turning round on the pavement, he hastened to overtake the provocatively labelled stranger.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!"

Seemingly unaware of the summons, the tall man pressed on. His tiger stride outpaced the gendarme, who was compelled to trot, angrily elbowing aside the people who, turning to gape, blundered into his way. Boulevardiers toying with their refreshments under a *café* awning rose as one and jostled out on to the pavement to observe the progress of the pursuit.

"Monsieur!" panted Goubillon.

He reached out a hand to the man's shoulder, and the man wheeled instantly, striking the hand aside, his tone venomous.

"What's the meaning of this? You address me? What do you want?"

Goubillon, red-necked and ruffled, drew in his breath. "An explanation," he said firmly.

"Of what?"

"Of this!" Reaching swiftly over the tall man's shoulder, Goubillon jerked the card free and clapped it front first to his

midriff. "Of this card," he said sternly, tapping it.

The tall man's eyes were suspicious as a snake's. He raised his hand towards his neck, said harshly, "What are you talking about?"

"About the disturbance you've been creating," said Goubillon. "See for yourself!" He jerked the prongs of his moustache at the spectators closing in.

"What fantastic nonsense is this?"



GENDARME GOUBILLON
reached out a hand to the man's
shoulder, and the man wheeled in-
stantly, striking the hand aside

Count Of Ten

An Unsolved Mystery Of Paris

By Barry Perowne

the tall man said, with bitter anger. "I wearing that card? Show me!"

He snatched it. He looked at the legend. And before the prominent, shrewd eyes of the gendarme, the man's bone-white, bloodless face went ashen, even his wide, down-curving, gargoyle mouth paled. He ripped the card across and across, hurled the pieces to the pavement.

"Some moron's notion of a joke!" he

said savagely. But the shock and terror that for a flash had convulsed that hideous face, as though guilt itself had knocked with a gaunt knuckle on the man's heart, convinced the gendarme that behind this strange labelling was not levity but a grim intent.

Blandly, to cover the keen excitement he now felt, Goubillon said, "Without doubt, Monsieur, a jest. Nevertheless —"

He stooped to harvest the scattered fragments.

"What 'nevertheless' is there?" the tall man demanded. "A cretin's humour——"

Goubillon straightened, flushed but adamant.

"Nevertheless," he said, "such a jester would seem to be malicious—perhaps even, it could be, a subject for an alienist. Monsieur will agree that, with that type there, one thing is liable to lead to another. It might therefore be in the public interest for Monsieur to furnish such information as he thinks might help to identify this morbid japer. To save Monsieur embarrassment before idle people," added Goubillon, raising his voice to a loud, offensive note for the benefit of the onlookers, "if he would just step round to the station—it is no distance——"

He could see the fury and reluctance in the tall man's face; but the man had no alternative. He shrugged. "Merci, Monsieur," said Goubillon.

IT was an expensively embossed visiting-card which the tall man slapped down impatiently on the desk of Inspector Augereau at the police station in the Rue de la Pompe.

The name on the card was Count Jules Vesper; the address was one in the nearby Rue du Général Langlois.

Count Vesper declared himself totally unable to guess who might have attached the placard to his back, or how and when it had been done.

"You hardly imagine," he said, with a truculent sneer, "that the words on the card have any significant application to myself?"

"Ah, that, tchah-tchah-tchah," said Inspector Augereau diplomatically. He stroked his jaw. He was a man with a leathery, furrowed face, a shock of grey hair, and blue eyes of

Illustrations by
Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

which the left invariably grew bloodshot in moments of emotion. "May I ask," he went on, "where you had come from at the time the gendarme drew your attention to this——" he indicated the cardboard legend which he had pieced together on his desk—"this outrage?"

"From the Salle Kleber," said Count Vesper.

So august was the repute of this famous card club that Gendarme Goubillon barely resisted a genuflection at the mention of it.

"You are a member?" said Augereau.

"Of long standing," replied Count Vesper.

"And you had just left the club premises?"

said Augereau. "So that it might have been there that the card was affixed to your coat?"

"That could be, of course," the Count said

impatiently. "In any event, the affair is obviously the would-be witty conception of some decadent and crapulous delinquent to whom I'm well capable of administering reproof if I identify him. The concern, surely is mine. You, no doubt——" he contemptuously waved a cigarette in an ivory holder at the tables stacked with dusty, pink-taped dossiers——"are preoccupied with graver matters. I've accommodated your *flic* by coming here. Now, I'll bid you good day."

He stalked out, slamming the door. Goubillon looked with expectation at his superior. The inspector's left eye was growing visibly bloodshot. He snatched up the telephone.

"Clausel?" he barked. "There is a man on his way out whose face would adorn the towers of Notre Dame. Follow him. I want a full report of his movements over the next twenty-four hours."

He hung up. And Goubillon exclaimed, "You think, then——"

"I think you did sagely to bring him in," said Augereau.

"Now, my brave, if you would cover yourself further with glory, go to the Salle Kleber, button-hole the commissioner on the door, find out if Count Vesper bore that stigma on his back when he left the club."

Goubillon departed, and Augereau sent for a fingerprint man.

"On the edge of my desk here," said Augereau, "you should find a good set of prints where one Count Vesper considerably rested his fingertips. Dust these over first, my good Bechtel, and let us have a look at them." He peered through a reading-lens. "H'm-h'm! Now, your skilled attention to these pieces of cardboard. The enterprising Goubillon's prints are on record in the file here. Ah, I have them. Now, by comparison, we eliminate. One, Goubillon. Again, Goubillon. Once more, Goubillon. *Ma foi*, the man is all digits! Aha, here is a Vesper. A distinctive ridging there, Bechtel. Another Vesper. A—h'm-h'm, a moment, a little moment. What have we here?" He peered intently through the lens. "A cuckoo in the nest, I fancy. What do you make of it?"

"A right index-finger," said Bechtel. "From the whorls and composites, a finger curiously mutilated——"

"I'll trouble you for a photograph, Bechtel," said the inspector; "photographs, also, of the Vesper prints."

Goubillon returned to report that the commissioner of the Salle Kleber had not been on the door when Count Vesper had left the club. No information could be obtained as to whether he then had had the card on his back.

"No matter," said Augereau. "I go now to the Sûreté, then to the Salle Kleber myself."

Neither Count Vesper's prints; nor the print of the maimed forefinger, proved to be on record at the Quai des Orfèvres. The Count was known there, however, and from Sûreté information combined with information obtained from the secretary of the Salle Kleber, Augereau was able to sketch in a rough background to the man who had walked in the avenue with the avowal I AM A MURDERER on his back.

Vesper was the last of a noble but impoverished family. Three times he had brought home wealthy foreign brides to the magnificent but ruinous *chateau* which was all that survived of the Vesper estates, and three times he had been divorced on the grounds of mental cruelty.

His chief source of income seemed for years to have been the Salle Kleber. Cards were played for grave stakes in the club's lofty and sombre



SHELTERED by the curtains of the window from which he watched, Clausel focused a pair of opera-glasses he had found in the apartment

chambers, and Count Vesper's consummate skill and crocodile impassivity were known to have been responsible for the financial collapse and social ignominy of more than one luckless gambler.

"Totally *dégonflé*, you understand," said the secretary.

"That, no doubt," replied Augereau, his left eye as red by now as a blood orange. "But has any of these unhappy plungers—has any of your members, past or present—a maimed forefinger or a hand in any manner mutilated?"

"None that I can recall," said the secretary, after reflection.

Vaguely sinister, on examination, proved Count Vesper's war record. He had worked for the clandestine intelligence services, had been captured by the enemy and thrown into Fresnes prison. He had escaped and with a companion had set out to cross the Pyrenees into Spain. All along the way, undercover contacts had had record of their passage; but somehow, in the mountain passes, Vesper had lost touch with his companion, whose fate remained unknown.

Back at the Rue de la Pompe, Augereau pondered.

What was the precise motive of the individual who had labelled Count Vesper a murderer? Who had done it? Was it a lover or kinsman of some woman he had treated evilly? Was it some gambler he had ruined and made desperate and vengeful? Could it be that the comrade who had vanished in the mountain passes still lived and had a score to settle?

"If Vesper is a murderer," said Augereau, "then he has a rendezvous with the guillotine, and I'll see he keeps it!"

His red eye glowed.

WITHIN a cordon's throw of the police station where Inspector Augereau brooded was the Rue du Général Langlois. It was a *cul-de-sac*. On the left was a terrace of tall mansions with elaborate stone balconies and opulent, curved sun-blinds. On the right was a large garden reserved to the use of tenants and enclosed by a high stone wall.

Count Vesper's apartment was on the fourth floor of the most imposing of the mansions. His front windows overlooked the garden, his rear window an inner courtyard around which the house was built. An iron staircase spiralled up the walls of this courtyard.

Augereau's lieutenant, Jean Clausel, had ingratiated himself overnight with the *conciergerie* of the building. As a result, he had got himself installed in a flat, the tenant of which was away on holiday, that faced the rear of Count Vesper's across the courtyard.

Clausel had spent a tedious night at his post, but now things were looking up.

It was a radiant August morning and the first sign of life was the milkman's arrival. This purveyor clanked up the iron staircase with shrill-toned whistlings and deposited two bottles at the Count's kitchen door.

Presently the door opened.

Sheltered by the curtains of the window from which he watched, Clausel focused a pair of opera-glasses he had found in the apartment.

The man who took in the bottles was thin and tall. He wore his hair in an oiled fringe, and his eyes were set closely together in a long, narrow, blue-shaven, lugubrious face. He was in shirt-sleeves, with black trousers and a striped waistcoat. From inquiries Clausel had made, he knew the man to be Count Vesper's valet and sole domes-

tic, Gustave Sadoun.

Half an hour later, the valet reappeared in the act of parting the heavy brocade curtains of a wide window. Clausel's opera-glasses brought the room close; it was a bedroom, luxuriously appointed. Placing on a table near the window a breakfast tray bearing a napkin of *croissants* and a bulbous glass percolator, Gustave withdrew from the room.

The bed was out of Clausel's line of vision, but after a moment Count Vesper appeared, tightening the cord of a dragon-patterned silk robe. He stretched hugely, with a gargoyle yawn. His head was oddly flat on top; his hair, as he smoothed it back, had the black sheen of enamel.

Fitting a cigarette into a holder, he (Continued on page 62)

STEPPING back, he took up the percolator. His hand was not quite steady and at some sound behind him he turned so sharply that coffee deluged over the tray. It was the valet who had startled him





With its solid stone front and mullioned windows, the Royal Grammar School looks, and is, one of the oldest schools in the country. Its rolls bear the names of many famous men

stern sense, for the foundation's scholars were required to help buy the school's birches, doubtless a salutary influence in their youth on the celebrities turned out by the school. All three sons Abbot were there, several bishops, and John Russell, co-founder of the Royal Academy.

Over 1,000 years of continuous town life explains why the old place retains its proud ties with times when life was centred round the trade guilds, shades

which survive best in the balconied, bell-turretted Guildhall. For 300 years its proud clock, swung far out into the road, has "timed" the town. The manner of its coming is interesting. Bonnie Charlie was still enthroned when the guilds refused a certain John Aylward permission to trade in the town because he was a "foreigner." Thereupon Aylward made this clock outside the borough and presented it to the corporation, an adroit gift which softened the guild-merchants' hearts and won the resolute John his licence.

In the hall are many treasures, and most valued of all are the mayor's staff and one of the few surviving sets of bronze measures used for taking the toll on corn sales. Both were gifts of Queen Elizabeth. The latter bears the royal initials, the staff she presented on her way (*Continued on page 58*)

King Town

By
Martin Thornhill



Guildford's ancient Guildhall, filled with famous treasures, is the centrepiece in the most delightful street in the south of England

(On left) In its heyday the old castle, dating from 1130, was the residence of many royal visitors to Guildford

TO the question "Which, is the most interesting, well-favoured town in south-east England, perhaps in all England?" there is one answer—Guildford. It is also the most historic. Half the kings of England have visited it, one a hundred times. Famous men have made it their headquarters, all leaving their impress on a fine old country town.

Rising steep into the blue sky, its delightful High Street retains a host of its seventeenth- and eighteenth-century upper shop fronts and narrow alleys. This street of the monarchs was also the Via Dolorosa of a would-be king, who wasn't. Captured at Sedgemoor, the unhappy Duke of Monmouth rode along it to spend the night in the gateway tower of Abbot's Hospital before escort to London and execution. The hospital was the gift of George Abbot, one of three

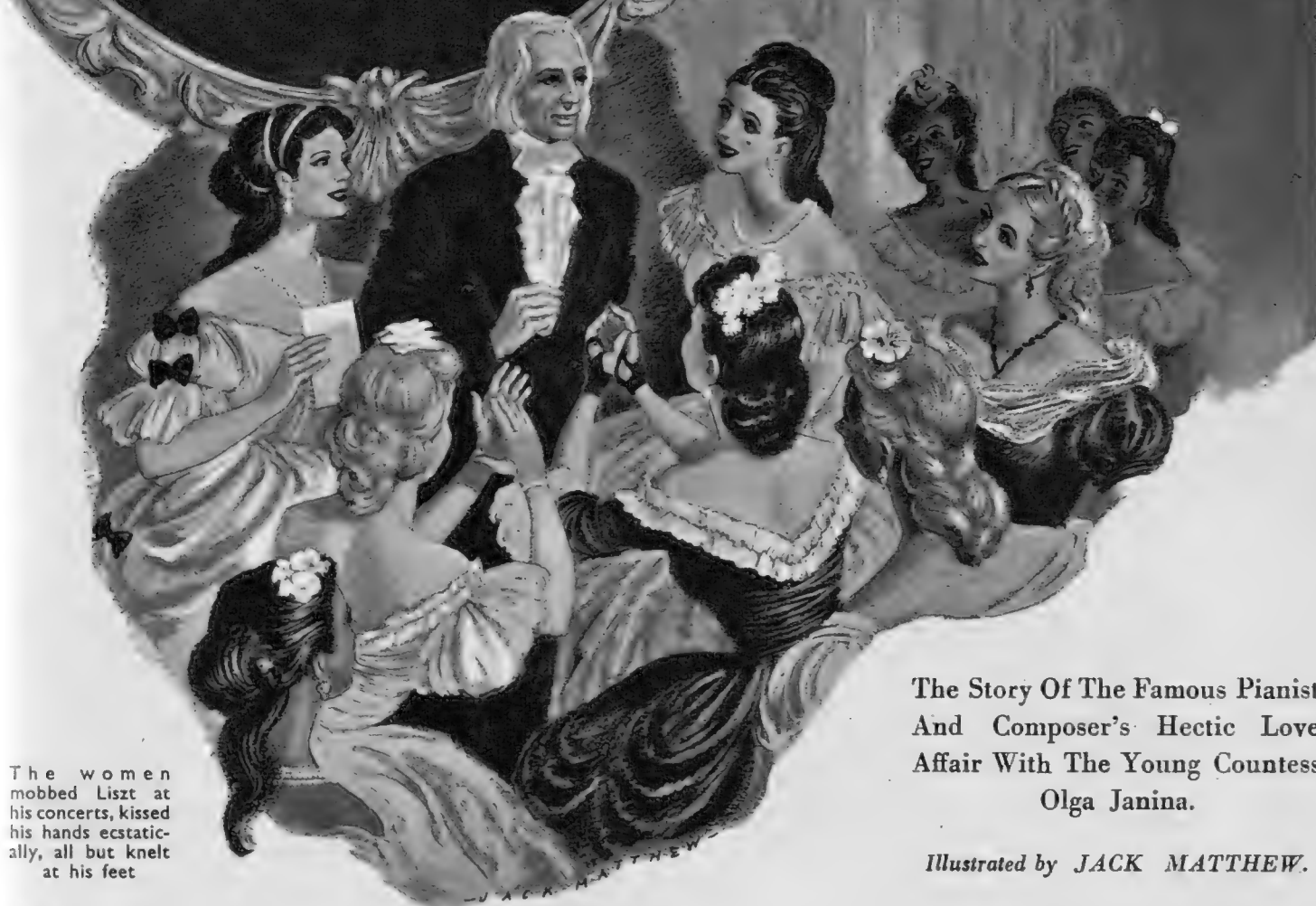
sons of a humble local clothworker, who rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and was buried in Holy Trinity Church opposite. To-day the famous almshouses give hospitality to eleven brothers and eleven sisters, all Guildford natives over sixty, the men appearing always in cap and gown of Tudor cut as woven at Guildford in the founder's day.

Farther on, the Royal Grammar School merits notice on several counts, to some the chief being the fascimile it houses of its own proud connection with the first mention of cricket. In the library are eighty-five chained volumes, connecting the school with Edward VI, who used towards its endowment the revenues from the abbeys his father had seized. Edward was a school-conscious monarch in the



The Tudor almshouses, founded in 1619 by George Abbot, one of the three sons of a humble local clothworker, who rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury. He was buried in Holy Trinity Church opposite

LISZT AND THE COSSACK COUNTESS



The women mobbed Liszt at his concerts, kissed his hands ecstatically, all but knelt at his feet

The Story Of The Famous Pianist And Composer's Hectic Love Affair With The Young Countess Olga Janina.

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

WOMEN adored Franz Liszt, the pale, tall, romantic pianist and composer with the fair hair drooping almost to his shoulders, the dreamy blue eyes, the dandified dress from a wardrobe which at one time boasted 60 waistcoats, 350 cravats. At his concerts they mobbed him, kissed his hands ecstatically, all but knelt at his feet. They would collect his cigar-ends as souvenirs, fight over a flower he had touched, tear his gloves to bits and cherish the shreds as if they were holy relics. After a recital at the Sistine Chapel, Rome, the nuns appeared to have "thrown themselves upon him and covered him with caresses."

Of his many loves, however, only one could claim to have taken him flowers disguised as a garden-boy: the fiery young Countess Olga Janina. At eighteen in Rome—when he was nearing sixty—she begged him to take her as pupil, and since, at their first meeting, she was a vision in Paris gown of white *crêpe-de-chine* and silver *lamé* and both smoked cigars, how could he refuse?

On her frequent visits she brought him expensive flowers from Nice. He gave her music to copy. Then, when she

was becoming rather a pest, he fled to the Villa d'Este. That was when she gained admission as garden-boy—not only to his house, but again to his heart. . . .

He had a weakness for the exotic—and Olga was certainly that. Janka Wohl, another of his admirers, describes her as extremely thin, with a pale, intellectual face, large dark eyes, pleasing manners, a passion for the works of Kant and Schopenhauer, the microscope, vivisection and the piano.

IN the Ukraine she was born into a home hung with scimitars, yataghans, Damascus and Toledo swords, and as a girl rode Arab steeds and hunted wolves. But she also dreamed of being a pianist, a great artist, and at fifteen married on the understanding that she should be free to develop in her own way. When the husband, according to Cossack custom, decided to tame her on the first day of their honeymoon, she lashed him with a horsewhip and left him. Later she had a daughter—it is not clear by whom—and tried to end both their lives in a dramatic gesture.

Sooner or later a man who loves many women encounters one who seems to be

Nemesis for the rest and gives him—love, yes, but also hell. Olga was Liszt's Nemesis, a classic fury. From the Villa d'Este he fled to Weimar. Olga, piqued, went to New York, but soon was on the warpath again, resolved to see him, and if she could not have his love kill him and herself. Who was this Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein coupled with his name at Weimar, anyway? Wasn't a Cossack countess who rode, hunted and horsewhipped a match for any effete Polish doll?

FRRIENDS in New York and Paris warned Liszt that the fury was on the way, and he'd better beware of an hysterical mad woman who was out for blood. On a grey November day in 1871 she ran him to earth in Budapest—not with flowers from the Riviera this time, but with a revolver and phials of poison which she had already brandished threateningly at their previous meeting, vowing that if she could not have love she would have the only anodyne for Cossack hate—death.

Confronting her handsome idol, she raged, sobbed, pleaded, went through all the by-play of shooting him and



poisoning herself in his apartment—a nice scandal for the world's news-sheets! Liszt says, in a letter to the Princess, that he tried to calm her by saying: "What you intend to do, Madame, is wicked. I ask you to refrain, but I will not try to prevent you!" His friend Janka Wohl says that he defiantly commanded her to "fire it" but that she lowered the pistol, fell at his feet and wept, which seems not at all unlikely. "All right, go ahead and do it!" usually has a sobering effect on lovely ladies with pistols or poison. The one thing they cannot bear is seeming indifference to a melodramatic show-down.

Evidently he succeeded in sobering her on this occasion, but two hours later, he adds, she returned to the charge, repeating that her only purpose in life was to kill him and commit suicide. This time Liszt's host, Augusz, really alarmed, wanted to call the police and have her put under proper restraint. Franz says he opposed this because he realised that she was quite capable of firing before they could handcuff her, but perhaps he also had the normal man's dislike of a private scene developing into a public scandal, and, in any case, he was bored by her hysterics and believed that ultimately they would bore her, too.

THE following day she left for Paris, where she burnt several manuscripts he had given her to copy, just as Hedda Gabler, thwarted in love, burnt Lovborg's precious book. Possibly Liszt sighed with relief, sat down to a good meal and a bottle, and uttered the idiomatic equivalent of, "Well, that's that."

But it wasn't the end. There appears to have been some patch-up, for we find the irrepressible Olga in Budapest again, safe on the arm of her victim at fashionable Sunday "At Homes" at the house of the curé Schwendtner, where he was now living. At one she played Chopin's *Ballade in G Minor* with such verve and spirit that Liszt was moved to admiration and exacted a promise that she would also play at a charity concert for artists.

It was a brilliant audience of all the Budapest intelligentsia. Olga sailed in on Liszt's arm, looking very much the *femme fatale* in a long, violet velvet gown. Since they all knew by now of the blood-and-thunder episode, it must have been an impressive moment. Liszt was the proud master showing off his *protégée*, who

would bring him honour instead of an untimely death in a sordid wrangle.

She went to the piano in the crowded drawing-room, composed herself with grace and dignity, contemplated her lovely, slim hands (no doubt), and began the *Ballade*, playing by ear. The audience was delighted. Then, suddenly, she hesitated, groped, stopped. Encouraged by heartening applause, she began again . . . blacked out with nerves at the same place . . . struggled . . . gave it up . . . stood up hopelessly with strained face pale as death.

"No!" called the exasperated Liszt, stamping his foot irritably. "Stay where you are!"

Resuming her seat, she began again for the third time, failed a third time, made desperate efforts to go on, finally abandoned the piano with a crash of discords worthy of Cossack temper and disgust. It was a pitiful scene, the most humiliating ordeal any artist could be called upon to undergo. With the whole audience talking excitedly of the fiasco, she left the room clinging to the arm of a furious Liszt, who angrily scolded her.

"I have lost all patience with you," he fumed. "This shows you will never be a great artist. It isn't in you!"

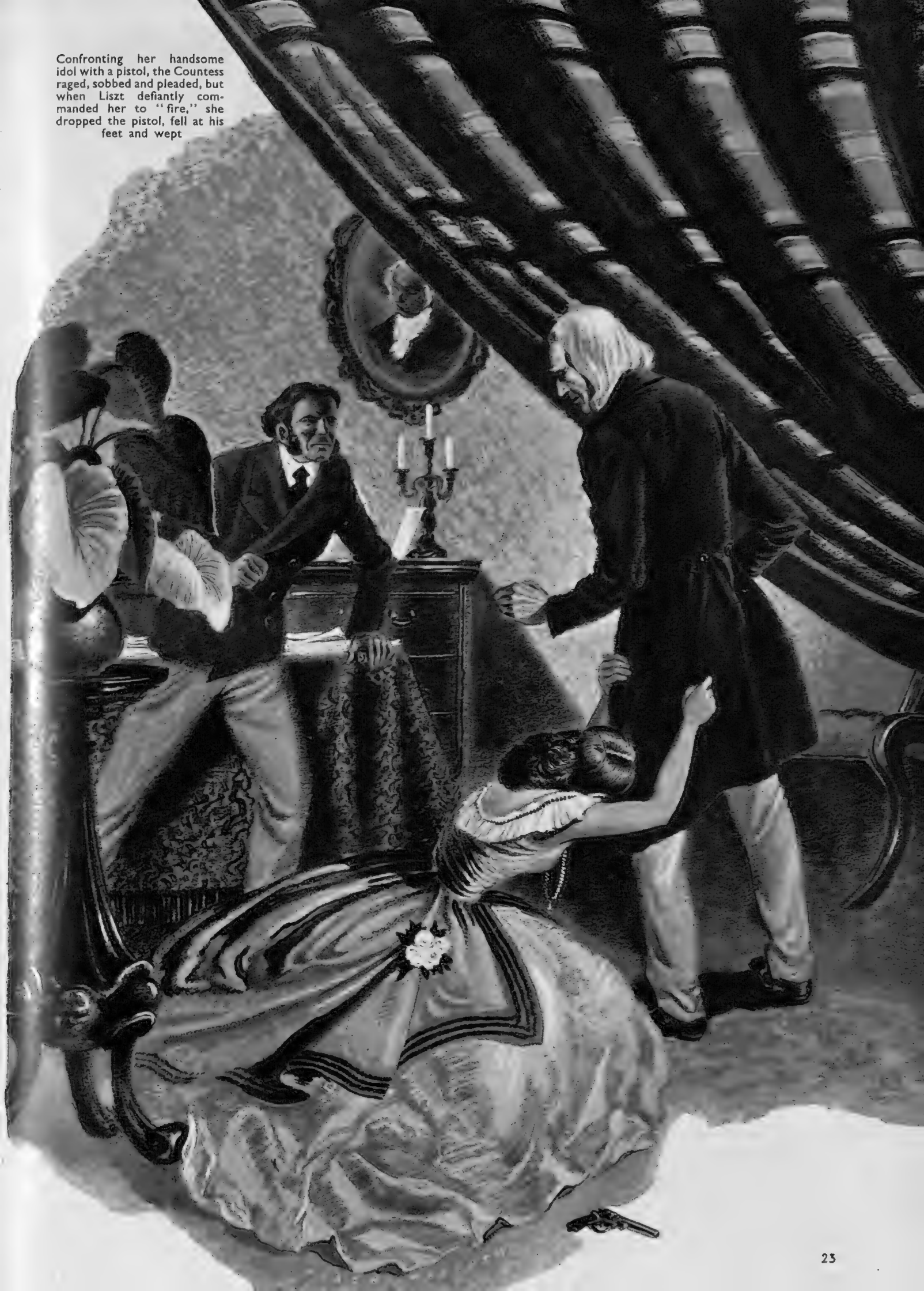
This time there was no pretence about poisoning herself. Distracted, desperate, she went home with his reproaches ringing in her ears and took laudanum. She lay in a stupor for two days and was never expected to recover, but miraculously did. Liszt then insisted that she leave Budapest for good. He would have no more of her. This was the end.

WAS it purely a musical aberration—that black-out? Or was she perhaps unbalanced by thinking with jealous frenzy of his Princess and all the other adoring women who surrounded him with gush and adulation and would never leave him alone?

He certainly had no illusions about her mental and emotional make-up. "I am pained," he had written the Princess in Weimar, "to see a woman so gifted with intelligence, talent and artistic feeling pursue her course so furiously on the road that can only lead to her ruin, material and moral. For years she has been feeding her soul exclusively on the most perverse theories and sophisms. The blasphemies, oaths and extravagances of Proudhon and the new Atheistic school, the Asamistes and

The fiery young Countess Olga Janina was married at fifteen, and when her husband, according to Cossack custom, decided to tame her on the first day of their honeymoon, she lashed him with a horse whip and left him

Confronting her handsome
idol with a pistol, the Countess
raged, sobbed and pleaded, but
when Liszt defiantly com-
manded her to "fire," she
dropped the pistol, fell at his
feet and wept



Anarchists, are her familiar litanies. George Sand seems faint and timid beside her! In poetry she has gone quite crazy over the *Fleurs du Mal* of Baudelaire. The ruin of her fortune, the many attempts at suicide, are not happy auguries for her future."

The loves of Liszt had a habit of turning to literature for consolation in the end. Frustrated in her plan to marry him because the Pope would not grant the dissolution of her former marriage, the Princess turned religious, shut herself in her study with the windows closed and curtains drawn, and—puffing black cigars—wrote furiously at a twenty-four-tome work, *The Inner Causes of the Outer Weakness of the Church*. Ralph Hill records ironically that Liszt and other visitors had to wait in an ante-room for ten minutes to be "de-ventilated" and rid of any fresh air they might have brought in with them before coming into contact with her. The Countess d'Agoult, mother of his three children, portrayed him and all his failings in the character of the artist Guermann in *Nélida*, a novel written under the pseudonym "Daniel Stern," a betrayal of confidence he never forgave. The fiercely temperamental Olga Janina of the Sacheverell Sitwell biography treated him even worse.

Her postscript to the frustrated romance was to portray him spitefully as Robert Franz in two highly emotional novels: *Memoirs of a Cossack* and *Memoirs of a Pianiste*. The horsewhip prevailed in the end. [END]

Encouraged by heartening applause, the Countess began to play the "Ballade" again, blacked out with nerves at the same place, struggled, gave it up, stood up hopelessly with strained face pale as death.

"No!" called the exasperated Liszt, stamping his foot irritably. "Stay where you are!"



(On left) Taboo in the smartest circles in the second half of the eighteenth century, pipe smoking never went out of favour among ordinary men. With clay pipes well primed, this quartet of Doctor Johnson's time sits back to enjoy a serious smoke
(*"Picture Post" Library.*)

that is now coming from tobacco and snuff.

A century ago the cause of all this fuss was unknown in England. For the introduction of the cigarette to this country we have to thank the veterans of the Crimean War, who seem to have picked up the habit from their Russian opponents. They in their turn had taken to the cigarette when it appeared in Russia, among other European countries, as a novelty from Egypt. It might never have been invented at all but for the experiment of an Egyptian gunner whose pipe was destroyed at the siege of Acre in 1799. This enter-

prising nicotine addict, pipeless, rolled some tobacco in paper, lit it and liked it—and the cigarette was born.

In England the habit caught on in the sixties as an alternative to the more manly custom of pipe smoking. Smokers in the van of the new fashion bought their cigarettes from a Greek tobacconist who set up in Leicester Square in 1861, and they smoked an Egyptian or Turkish blend, Virginian being unknown in those days. But for two decades or so this Victorian innovation remained, in refined circles at least, a pleasure enjoyed by men only, and no self-respecting woman dared be seen with one until the Princess of Wales offered them to her lady guests at a luncheon in 1885.

BEFORE our great-grandfathers sampled their first cigarette the pipe had already had an innings of 300 years in this country. It came here with the tobacco that Sir John Hawkins, or maybe Raleigh, brought back from America in the 1560s. It is about Raleigh that many of the early smoking stories are told. One tale says that his servant, seeing him contentedly puffing out tobacco smoke, threw a tankard of beer over him, under the impression that he was on fire. And it was Raleigh who was supposed to have taken a last pipe of tobacco immediately before he went to his execution.

Whoever (Continued on page 54)

Crisis Over Smoke

By Guy Livingston

FAMILIAR in the Press and over the radio in these economically unstable days is the word "incentive." What, besides a well-filled pay packet, helps a man to work with a will? Reasonable hours, ample leisure, social security? Yes, all these—and, not least, tobacco too. Just how important an incentive it is becomes clear when we have to do without it, as millions of smokers, victims of this year's cigarette shortage, would agree.

Tedious queues outside tobacconists are one thing, but when cigarette-hungry workers take time off from bench and desk to join in the great hunt and even talk of strikes if more supplies are not forthcoming, then crisis is hardly too strong a word to apply to the situation. Representations to the Board of Trade and deliberations in high quarters have not availed to increase the quantity—though the distribution may improve—for the phenomenon of too many smokers chasing too few cigarettes fits in with so much of our post-war economy, and is due to the prevailing dollar scarcity.

Cigarette figures show that much more tobacco goes up in smoke than before the war, and it is a little difficult to see just where the shortage comes in; 1,600,000,000 are now reaching the shops each week, compared with 1,450,000,000 in 1939. Assuming a smoking population of 20,000,000, this means that, on an average, every smoker has eighty a week. And for this doubtful privilege of smoking the world's dearest cigarettes (outside Germany) these 20,000,000, more or less, present the national revenue with a large part of the £447,000,000



Natives stringing tobacco leaves on a Rhodesian tobacco farm. Much of the success of a tobacco farmer's crop depends on the operation called "stringing." That's the job of putting the leaves on wooden sticks, some sixty inches long, to be hung in the barns for curing. In America competitions are held at the start of the marketing season and prizes awarded to the best stringers. The picture on the right shows the twelve-year-old Ethel May Walker, of Jasper, Florida, stringing some of the best-grade cigarette tobacco



AT the end of the High Street in Portsmouth (to-day a flattened raw mess but still determined) there is a gateway set into a wall; through that gateway built of stone Naval heroes innumerable have passed. Nelson left for Trafalgar. Grenville, Raleigh and Drake set forth on journeys fortuitous and passages perilous. But there was one unnamed and unsung hero of the innumerable who, in the grey light of a Christmas afternoon, stumbled down the steps with glory in his eyes, and at least stays notorious with his gunroom.

H.M.S. *Redoubtable* had given her first leave. The port watch had left with chi-ikings from envious friends leaning over the ship's side; the "liberty girls" had been dispatched ashore, and thence had boarded trains for peculiar destinations where their wives, or somebody else's wives, their best girls or just their mums, resided. The married officers had departed to Fareham (the seniors to Alverstoke) and the bachelor ones to Piccadilly, which they assured their wardroom was a darned sight more

"She'd do anything for the commander, I'm sure, but he froths," said Rusty thoughtfully.

Lampy was not easily put off; he considered himself to be something of a connoisseur with women, though he had never had the triumph of a well-known actress on his list before, and liked the idea. Lampy was a rich and good-looking young man. His mother lived in an insanitary castle in Ireland, where domestic assistance is procurable, and one can still be a lady if one wishes to be. Lampy kept a couple of cars, a sober little saloon for occasions that demanded sobriety of outlook, and a showy article in bright red—known as the Jitterbug and not inaptly named—which infuriated the captain every time he met it. It went like a jet plane, and obviously had never been built for sober moments.

The Jitterbug had evoked so many rude remarks from senior officers, and once six of the best from the snotties' nurse, that Lampy had decided to rid himself of it. The trouble with the

Heroes Innumerable

The Record Of A
Festive Naval Occasion

By Ursula Bloom

enjoyable, and how right they were! There is always fun to be had in Piccadilly Circus, but as we all know Fareham and Alverstoke are mighty respectable.

The starboard watch, left to its duties, settled down to make the best of a bad Christmas. The old man was on board. He wasn't such a bad old man, the spruce kind, shortish, with gimlet eyes, and as yet he had endured no serious trouble with his teeth, so was moderately coherent. The commander was fiercer, and when angry had a capacity for foaming which made it extremely dangerous to be in his vicinity. Number One was matey. It takes all sorts to compose a wardroom of a big battleship, and H.M.S. *Redoubtable* had all sorts.

SUB-LIEUTENANT RUSTY HAWKINS was a nice young man and he ran his gunroom true to form. Looking at him with his round pudding face and shock of ginger hair, you would never have thought that his sister could be a revue actress, and a very attractive one at that. As he couldn't go home for first leave, his sister was coming to spend Christmas in Portsmouth. This had been discovered by Midshipman Hague.

Midshipman Hague did not suffer from bashfulness, and had a pair of lustrous dark eyes that had earned him the nickname of Lampy. He nosed it out because he was popsy-minded, and he always nosed out anything with a pair of neat ankles, or a fluff of fair hair. He thought that Rusty must be a screw loose not to appreciate his enormous good fortune in having a sister whose photograph was always popping up in the newspapers, wearing very little but wearing it extraordinarily well. But then Rusty didn't like girls. He was the golf-ashore and must-keep-fit-at-all-costs kind. The regatta was his idea of Heaven. Earnest and entirely wedded to duty, he would never make much of a mark in the world, but would always be entirely trustworthy.

Lampy Hague was not tarred with the same brush. Lampy didn't have to trouble trouble; it always troubled him first! The snotties' nurse suffered qualms on his behalf. The commander disliked him with a frankness that he never attempted to conceal. Lampy had been in possession of a photograph of Rusty's sister for some time, and knew that she acted under the name of Grizelda Fane.

"Well, there you are," said he.

"I can't think how to amuse her; she takes a lot of amusing," said Rusty wearily.

"Introduce her to me," suggested Lampy.

"She isn't the sort to fall for a snottie; she believes in the promotion stakes."

Lampy had met that sort before. He said, "Really now!" because he knew senior officer-itis when he saw it, and thought it a shame that a girl with such good legs could suffer from it.

LAMPY and Grizelda lingered for a moment looking at Pompey from the deck. Pompey in a mist can look almost romantic, and the mistier the better. . . .

"Heroes innumerable?" she asked, and her eyes were misty. "Hawkins. Drake. Nelson. Especially Nelson. He was such a little man, wasn't he?"

"He was," agreed Lampy, who was six foot, and always cracking his skull on the bulkhead and cursing it

senior N.O. was that his sense of humour had been crowded out by the gold lace on his cuffs. "I'm selling the Jitterbug," said he.

It was the afternoon when the first snow came. It was dismal in harbour, the snow against the scuttle, the wave wash and the sound of running feet overhead, accompanied by the steady sludge-sludge of the Gosport ferry.

"You're selling her? What are you asking for her?" asked Stinker Shaw with caution.

Stinker was a nice boy; his father had a living in the Midlands, and had taught Stinker to speak the truth and shame the devil. He would never be one of the heroes innumerable as carved over the Sallyport, though he had guts—any amount of them! The queer thing was that Number One liked Stinker; the commander said that Stinker had got a hell of a lot in him, and none of this was because he was the captain's cousin. A chap



doesn't get the King's Dirk for nothing, someone had remarked, even the old boy hadn't got it in the long-forgotten days when he had roller-skated along the parapet outside D block at Dartmouth!

The old man was occasionally very decent to Stinker, but not ostentatiously so. He knew that they'd take it out of him in the gunroom if that happened, because they wouldn't stand for a snottie giving himself airs.

Stinker was a pleasant boy with straw-coloured hair and a maddening tendency to flush up. "I suppose the Jitterbug's much more than I can afford," he inquired, blushing a little. Money was fairly tight in the Midland rectory, and the fifty pounds a year insisted upon by my Lords of the Admiralty with which to bolster up the pay of young gentlemen of the gunroom was a severe strain on the stipend.

"You bet it is!" said Lampy, to whom money mattered nothing. "It's well worth a packet and don't you forget it.

Do you want it?"

"Yes, but I can't ever hope to buy it," said the truthful Stinker, and then, "Got to go up to see the old man. Poodle-faking," and off he went.

Lampy had an idea.

The routine of Christmas for those left on board is a little hackneyed, but quite traditional. Service is held, and after that a tour is made of the mess decks, each vying with the other for greater beauty. "A Merry Christmas" is arranged with infinite care in nuts, nice attention being paid to well-curved filberts, and the portly Brazils for capitals. "No Place like Home" is written in a sticky coil of dates, and on the centre of every table there are crackers and such. After seeing the rare beauty of the titivated mess decks, there is the ginning-up in the wardroom. Then when well "on" there is that impish spirit which, if really in the Christmasy mood and the gin has been neat enough, causes senior gentlemen to change frock coats with the

midshipmen's impolitely named best jackets, so that midshipmen become commanders, and commanders cram their sacred persons into ridiculous short jackets. Altogether it is very convivial indeed, even if a little childish.

"She likes 'promotion,'" thought Lampy.

He would put himself over big, for Lampy was that kind. He felt that she would be intrigued with his mother's castle, even if the san. was particularly insanitary. He would introduce her to his friends, and wished they were of higher rank, for the gunroom keeps to itself. He wondered how to give them an additional ring or two, and he hatched a plot. Later that night, when Stinker was swatting at some maths on the gunroom table (the Subs' exam was not so far off, he was a serious lad), Lampy spoke to him. Lampy treated exams as he did everything else. He scraped through in a way that made his tutors despair, but he had that gift of the gab and that youthful buoyancy that refused to sink and just bobbed him through almost anything.

"Look here, Stinker, on Christmas morning when we swap around you're to pinch the old man's frock coat. It ought to be easy as you're his cousin."

"His frock coat?"

"Damn it all, that's fair do's."

"On Christmas morning?"

"That's it. Being really Christmasy. It's all to help an idea I've got with regard to Rusty's sister."

"You don't mean the actress? His pretty sister?"

"It wouldn't be the ugly sister. I'm not nuts. You've got to get the old man's frock coat."

"Haven't you got the guts to get it yourself?"

Lampy would have dotted Stinker one as is the gunroom routine, but he changed those tactics and went on in a kindly tone.



Illustrations by Albert Bailey

"I'm not his cousin, and it wouldn't be so easy for me. Besides, there's the Jitterbug."

"You don't mean . . . ?"

"I'm not giving her away, so don't run off with any damfool ideas, but I might let her go at a considerable reduction." He named a sum that yesterday would have been out of Stinker's range. This morning, however, he had had a bit of luck. His Aunt Emily had turned up trumps.

Stinker's Aunt Emily was an acid virgin who had inherited a magnificent library that she had never looked at because she didn't care for reading. She was doing her Christmas presents

Lampy, seeing light in his darkness. Grizelda would think that he knew some nice people.

"Oh," said Stinker.

There were, of course, other arrangements to be made, but Lampy was an excellent organizer. He had everything fixed by the dawning of Christmas Day. It was misty. It was raw. The picket boat went off at the right time to fetch the guests aboard, and there was Grizelda Fane looking like a poem in the stern sheets, wearing violet velvet with a fur jacket, and with a bunch of violets pinned under her chin. "Every morn I bring thee violets," thought Lampy, and went hot about the collar.



WHEN Grizelda looked at Stinker with all those gold stripes on his arm she saw one of the heroes innumerable, small, with straw-coloured hair and blue eyes, and she felt herself going swimmy

The service was held on deck and all the ship's company sang with fervour though none of them had an eye for anything save Grizelda. They besought you to listen to the herald angels, with lusty vigour. Shepherds watched as they had never watched before, and all the time their eyes were on a pair of shapely ankles and a moist mouth that invited kisses.

The guests passed into the wardroom and the gin went round. The old man came in and was most benign, as is very proper on a Christmas morning. Early on, his mellowness was noticeable. Grizelda did not see him because Rusty had introduced Lampy and they were talking in a corner. When they toured the mess decks, Lampy had manoeuvred her to the tail end of the procession so that there should be no interruptions. The boy knew his onions.

The mess decks smelt of general fug. Tables were scrubbed and everyone stood stiffly to attention. There had been a veritable spring clean; dusty-smelling socks had been rammed up every available ventilator so that not a single shaft of air penetrated. There was the gallant display of "Merry Christmas" arranged in nuts on the centre of the tables, of yellowish oranges from Spain, of apples and figs and dates. Paper streamers had been made in the dog watches, and were festooned with elaborate care from the beams of the deck above. One enterprising mess had invested in some showy balloons, and a great deal of artificial snow. Merry Christmases were wished all round, and everybody, beaming approval, traipsed back to the wardroom for more gin. Lampy and Grizelda lingered for a moment looking at Pompey from the deck. Pompey in a mist can look almost romantic, and the mistier the better.

"What is the little gate in the wall, with the steps?" asked Grizelda, who was the sentimental kind. Girls like that sort of thing, Lampy remembered.

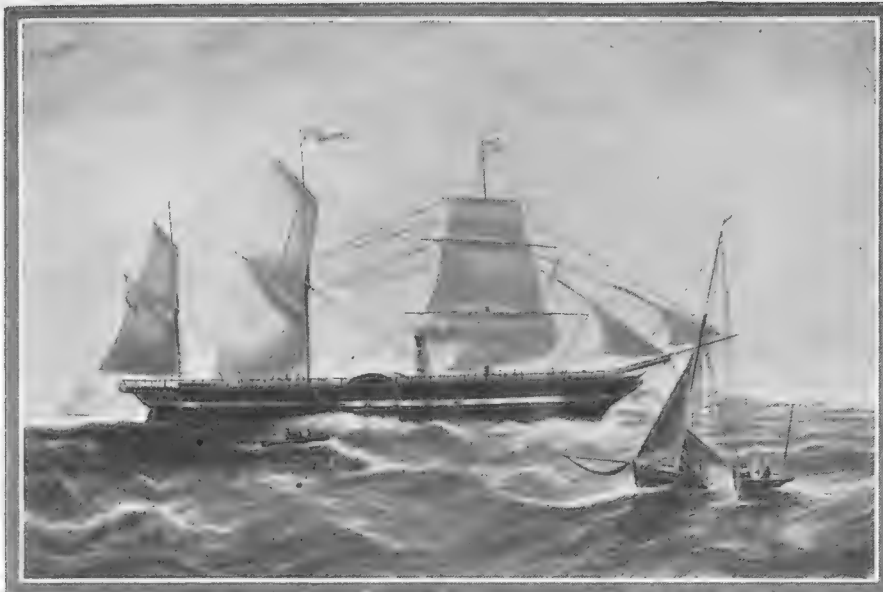
(Continued on page 66)

cheaply this year, giving away her books, and Stinker had come in for three exquisitely bound Chaucers that meant dam-all to him, but which had been looked upon by Number One with the eye of approval not unlit by desire. Number One collected books, and had a rich father who liked buying them for him.

Stinker was not erudite. He had no idea what to do with three well-bound Chaucers; now if it had been *The New Yorker* . . . ! Hurriedly he did a little practical arithmetic, and knew that he could clinch matters with Number One, buy the Jitterbug, and go off in her for the second leave. It would shake up the rectory in the Midlands, when he shot up the village like a gatling gun, and in at the gate like a jet! Oh boy, oh boy! thought Stinker. Then he remembered that there was a little more to this. There was the captain's frock coat,

"I don't know how the old man would feel about it."

"You don't have to ask him. It all just happens, part of the Christmas spirit. Enough gin will sink a battleship," said



(On left) The transatlantic steamship *President* with passengers and crew to the number of 136 left Liverpool for New York in March, 1841, and was never heard of again

They Were Never Heard Of Again

By

Warren Armstrong

FIFTY years ago this month, almost within hailing distance of Melbourne, a lonely grave, was sealed in the cemetery at Williamstown, with a strange headstone which read: "Aaron Semple, seaman. Sole survivor of the clipper-ship *Nelson*." Just that, but nothing more . . . and a remarkable story lies behind this brief epitaph; the story of vanished gold and a ship spirited away in a night.

At sunset, January 24, 1852, the clipper-ship *Nelson*, due to sail for Britain at noon the following day, swung lazily at anchor in Hobson's Bay, close by Port Melbourne's famous Town Pier. At midnight she was gone, and her fate is still shrouded in mystery. Three hundred and twenty successful prospectors from the gold-fields had booked passage in her for the long return voyage halfway round the world; that fateful night all but three went ashore for a final spree. And sometime between sunset and midnight, those three passengers, with the crew were set upon by pirates, who seized the ship and sailed her—where? The answer will never be known. By some means, Aaron Semple escaped in a lifeboat which drifted ashore by Williamstown breakwater; he was arrested, imprisoned for three months and later given employment in the Port Department. He died in November, 1898 . . . but the "*Nelson*" was never heard of again.

That was on the other side



of the world, but the Mystery-of-the-Disappearing-Ship in serial form was an accepted, though grim, fact eleven years before the *Nelson* "incident." For, in March, 1841, the transatlantic steamship *President* had given the folk on Liverpool's Prince's Pier the thrill of their lives as her square-cut stern receded down the Mersey, leaving a feather of smoke trailing from her tall white funnel, and carrying passengers and crew to the number of 136, bound for New York.

President became overdue, though knowledgeable seafaring men claimed that even if her engines had broken down, she carried enough canvas to take her safely into port. But the days slipped past with no further word. . . . Then, a relative of one of her passengers claimed to have received a letter saying that the ship had been slightly damaged in heavy weather and driven south to Madeira. The letter was proved to be a hoax. Reports came in; the ship had been seen adrift in mid-Atlantic; she had reached Bermuda; an Irish newspaper published the story that a bottle had been washed ashore containing a message from a well-known comedian who had taken passage in *President*. That, too, was a hoax. And nothing was ever heard of the ship again. . . .

Down the Liverpool river in 1856 steamed the American Collins liner, the 2,860-ton *Pacific*, which, five years previously, had set up a record in crossing from New York to the Mersey in nine days twenty hours ten minutes. But sometime during that January of 1856 something happened to her and, like the *President*, she vanished without trace.

The reinsurance rate quoted by Lloyd's underwriters on the German cadet ship *Admiral Karpfanger*, formerly the four-masted Finnish barque *L'Avenir*, advanced sharply in April, 1938, to ninety guineas per cent. A grim omen, (Continued on page 58)

(On left) The *Kobenhavn*, last of the world-famous five-masters, which sailed from Buenos Aires on December 14, 1928 for Melbourne, with forty-five young Danish cadets and a crew of fifteen, and was never heard of again



The notorious *Schomberg* which once covered the journey to Australia in sixty days, and which on another journey sailed away gaily enough and was never heard of again

The "*President*" and "*Schomberg*" are reproduced from prints by kind permission of The Parker Gallery, 2 Albemarle Street, W.1

IN the room below, somebody in hob-nailed boots was stamping on the naked ivories of the grand piano. Somebody else was getting murdered and his dying screams were coming through a megaphone. The sound waves were making the floor-boards of the room above behave like the deck of a tramp steamer in a Bay of Biscay storm. They quivered and shook and tensed themselves up in the middle. And Jocelyn Bundle knew that he was going mad. Although he clapped his hands over his ears there was no lessening of the fury of sound.

With musical education he could have identified the aria which came roaring up at him. But he had little ear for music, and still less for Señor Miguel Cantacho's

books you may need during the day. You know, it's wonderful having a husband who understands so well. You really are a pet, darling. And think how it will add to your own culture!"

There'd been ample opportunity for consideration. Señor Camacho had been in the house three weeks. During this time, Jocelyn had become more and more sympathetic towards the flat-tenants who must have endured agonies. No wonder they'd hammered on the floor. He wanted to hammer on the floor himself. He looked around for something sufficiently substantial, and a glint of excitement came into his eyes.

This upstairs room had started as an overflow to the library, mainly because

tightened upon it. He raised it. What joy there would be in creeping down on Camacho! In raising the club like this! In. . .

He looked round in confusion as the door opened and Dulcie came hurrying into the room.

"Jocelyn, dear!" she gasped. "Whatever are you doing?"

He fumbled for a reason. Then inspiration came to him. "Just practising a new grip, my dear. You see, the thumb of the left hand under the third finger of the right, and the little finger of the right under the first finger of the left. Like this. No! I'm wrong—it's the third finger of the left hand and the little finger of the right. Like this. . . ." He

Tenors Are Treacherous

Let Dog Eat Dog Was Jocelyn Bundle's Method Of Getting Out Of A Difficulty

By Michael Hastings

mighty voice. In fact, he realized, he hated music. And he hated Latin Americans even more. As for what had possessed Dulcie to take up the man . . . but, he'd become wearily accustomed to Dulcie's protégés. At first he'd tried hard to understand. She always used the same enthusiastic introduction. "So talented, so unspoiled, so very genuine, so horribly and unjustly unrecognized." Yes, he'd tried hard; but the years had made him wiser and his reaction to the familiar words was to reach for his cheque-book.

He'd become stubborn, though, over the tall, melancholy Camacho. After all, there had to be a limit somewhere, and Dulcie's plans were too extravagantly fantastic. Sponsoring a celebrity concert, indeed!

This rebuff, however, had not deterred Dulcie from inviting Miguel Camacho to stay at Red House indefinitely, or from putting the entire place at his disposal. With a typical gush of words she'd explained to her husband: "Jocelyn, dear, that poor lamb finds it so difficult to practise. You know how essential it is for a great singer to keep his voice in training. He's existing in a service flatlet at the moment and there are some horrible people above him who bang on the floor whenever he starts to sing. It's nerve-racking for him! And the people below are even more unpleasant. They've written to the management complaining about it! Can you imagine such—such vandalism?"

Jocelyn had felt right away that there might be something to be said for this attitude on the part of other tenants. But he was too wise to say so, just as his prudence prevented him from pointing out that he hadn't noticed anything particularly lamb-like about Señor Camacho.

Indeed, Dulcie had given him very little opportunity for inserting comments. She'd continued: "I've worked out exactly how it can be arranged without inconveniencing anybody. We can move the piano into your library. Miguel's art vibrates strongest in him at night, so he never rises early. That will give you ample opportunity of taking out any

Dulcie objected to year books and business papers being kept on the shelves. Gradually, it had more and more assumed the appearance of an overgrown schoolboy's "den." Not from design: but from self-protection. Whenever Dulcie's "discoveries" had needed anything she'd invariably said: "I'm sure dear Jocelyn has one. I'll get it for you. Of course he'll lend it to you. He rarely uses it, so you needn't hurry to return it."

Many of Jocelyn's possessions were still in the course of being returned. For some he'd abandoned hope—especially after the distressing spectacle of his binoculars in a pawnshop bearing a notice: Unredeemed pledge. So, with a certain amount of guile and low cunning, he'd collected the remnants of his personal belongings and put them in the upstairs room. It was the one place where he could be sure that Dulcie would never venture on her own, because of the grey parrot named Billy who resided on a perch in one corner.

Billy had long been banished to this room because of his vulgar manners. He was not a great talker; but he had a selection of abusive phrases and a satanic sense of timing. He also possessed a formidable bite and an uncertain temper.

It was while Jocelyn was looking round the room that Billy screamed above the pounding of the piano and the bellowing of Camacho: "Conk him on the bean! Knock his block off!" Screamed this warlike advice just as Jocelyn's eye was about to move on from a bag of golf clubs.

"You've said something there," Jocelyn muttered grimly. He selected the most vicious-looking club, and his grip



struggled with the club and dropped it. "It looks to me," said Dulcie acidly, "a good way to strain your wrist. And it's most inconsiderate of you to drop things on the floor while poor, dear Miguel is singing."

Jocelyn stooped for the club. "Shouldn't think he'd hear if I dropped all the clubs!"

A fortissimo passage from below compelled him to repeat this.

"Don't shout so," Dulcie protested.

"With all that din. . . ."

"The trouble with you, Jocelyn, is that you're tone deaf."

"I wish I were," he retorted.

"I said *tone* deaf," Dulcie said coldly. "Come along to the bedroom, I want to talk to you." She turned and made what would have been an impressive exit but for Billy screeching: "Carrot top!"

Jocelyn sighed, put down the club and followed her wearily. He felt uncomfortably like a small boy caught out in some mischief. Experience had taught him that a quiet talk in the bedroom with Dulcie was always an unpleasant affair.

His fears were quickly realized, for Dulcie didn't hesitate. She delivered an immediate broadside.

"Jocelyn! We've a duty to the world. It mustn't be deprived of Miguel's voice any longer. That concert must be arranged."

Jocelyn took a deep breath.

"Do you realize how much that will cost?" he demanded. "We haven't the money we used to have, you know. Profits are down at the factories. And taxes are up. The export market's as tight as can be and there's no home market worth talking about. We can't afford to sponsor a concert."

Dulcie sighed wearily.

"We went into all that before," she said briskly. "I understand the position very well, Jocelyn. But I've thought of a way in which we can launch Miguel without draining our resources."

"Well," he said, brightening instantly, "if it's only a matter of giving him our goodwill, or arranging an introduction, I've no objection. I could go along and see Maxwell Piper."

"Maxwell Piper! He's only an agent. He hasn't real influence."

Jocelyn looked at her blankly. "I don't know anybody else who could do much good," he confessed.

"Most of your friends are pretty useless," said Dulcie bitterly. "But we won't go into that now. I'm not thinking of influence. I've seen a way in which we can have this concert."

Jocelyn was suspicious. "However you go about it, it will still take money," he said cautiously.

"I know that. But there's an easy way. My diamonds!" She saw the horror in his eyes and added quickly. "Oh! I'm not thinking of selling them. But I can borrow money on them, and when poor Miguel's a success, he'll repay me, and I can get them back. So I only have to go without them for a short time. . . ."

"Wait a minute!"

Jocelyn's voice was curiously strangled. "I don't see why you

should do that." Desperately, he searched for an inspiration. Found one. "You should wear those diamonds at the concert, dear."

Dulcie looked thoughtful. "I'd hoped to do that," she said slowly, "but. . . ."

"Give me just a little time," Jocelyn pleaded. "I'll see if I can raise the money."

She beamed at him. "It is gratifying to find you caring so much for art, Jocelyn. A few years back it meant just nothing to you."

"I'll see if I can raise the money," Jocelyn repeated.

Outside the bedroom, he took out a handkerchief and mopped at his forehead.

HE looked round in confusion as the door opened and Dulcie came hurrying into the room. "Jocelyn, dear," she gasped, "Whatever are you doing?"

Illustration
by
Dudley Pout



MAXWELL PIPER lived on the same floor as the cleaner's bucket. The stairs were carpet-covered to the first floor of the flat, high building. Beyond, there was lino. And the last flight had reached the Spartan plainness of bare boards. Maxwell Piper had two rooms and a compartment similar to those found at the end of corridor coaches on trains. In one room he lived, in the other he worked.

"Pleased to see you, Josh," he said, pointing a cigar in the direction of a worn, leather chair.

Jocelyn sat down. He always felt more at ease when people called him Josh. Dulcie always used the longer name for cultural reasons. "A man named Josh Bundle could never be a patron of the Arts," she'd insisted.

"Maxie," said Jocelyn. "I'm in trouble."

Maxwell Piper looked thoughtfully at the ash on his cigar, and narrowed his eyes so that his face seemed all cheeks.

"Dulcie again?" he asked.

"That's it. She's picked up a singer—

a Latin American tenor—and wants to launch him. He has a horrible voice. And she wants to pawn her diamonds to stake him."

Maxwell Piper wheezed in sympathy. "That's bad, Josh. How can I help you? Do I know him?"

"Miguel Camacho."

"No, never heard of him. I might push him in between a Chinese juggler and a tricycle act. Provinces, of course."

"Dulcie wants a celebrity concert for him."

"Couldn't do it, Josh. Not even if she'd sell the diamonds. I don't handle that class. Maybe I could give you a note to a man who does."

"That isn't the idea," said Jocelyn. "I've had a brainwave. I've stalled Dulcie for the moment. Now if I could introduce a rival tenor who would take her mind off Camacho and *wouldn't* want a celebrity concert. I don't mind paying a good fee."

Maxwell Piper's eyes disappeared again.

ANTON PRITZI enchanted her by giving a low bow, by taking her hand and gently sowing a kiss upon it



His double chin wobbled a little as he chuckled. "Might be able to do that," he said. "You're a smart boy, Josh! No wonder you made a packet with your factories."

"Sometimes," said Jocelyn gloomily, "I wish I hadn't."

The cigar was put down and the short, thick fingers began to explore the pages of a great book with worn leather binding.

"I might be able to find somebody. Romantic appearance. I suppose. Ability to spin a touching story. And a voice. There was a tenor once before, wasn't there? Your wife certainly has a weakness that way. Here we are. . . . No! He won't do. He's married and his wife has a jealous nature. Lead to unnecessary complications. What about this one? No. His Italian accent's too phoney. Dulcie's a smart woman. Ah! Just the man. Anton Pritzi. He was born in Vienna. Claims an aristocratic descent; but his mother was in cabaret. Dulcie need never know that, though. He's your man. Opera, really." The broad shoulders shrugged. "You know the State Opera's in to-day."

"Yes," said Jocelyn, not having the slightest notion.

"What's your idea of a fee?" asked Maxwell Piper. "Half in advance, balance when he does the trick. He may need some clothes—we'll have to take that into account."

Jocelyn hesitated, his business instincts alert to the possibility of shrewd bargaining. Then he thought of Dulcie's diamonds—his gift to her on the tenth anniversary of their wedding. He took a deep breath. "A hundred guineas," he said; "plus fifty for expenses."

Maxwell Piper almost purred. "I'm sure we can manage that," he said. "Have you worked out how to introduce him into the house?"

"I hoped you'd help there, Maxie. You're a resourceful fellow."

"Have to be in my line. Let me think a minute." The eyes disappeared again. A new cigar was pushed into the small mouth. Then the eyes opened. "Josh. Who's the most important woman—socially—that your wife's met?"

Jocelyn considered. "There was Lady Waddington. But she only passed a few words with her. At a concert, it was. She can't help. I mean—she wouldn't. And, anyway, she left for New York a couple of months back."

Maxwell Piper grinned. "Couldn't be better. The Comtesse Annette de Janot will telephone your wife. Dear Lady Waddington suggested—and so on. Anton Pritzi has just arrived in London and she's so anxious for him to meet really cultured people, to give him a good impression of the English as music lovers.

That do?"

Jocelyn felt happier. "Dulcie will fall for that, right enough. But how do we get this Comtesse?" (Continued on page 56).

Font



Lady In A Fog

THERE are two kinds of fog. There is the kind which makes November weather notorious, and the mental variety which tends to engulf us all at this season in relation to appearance problems. The changes of fashion and the high cost of everything have got most women groping. The maddening thing about a fog of any description is that one is apt to go round in circles. A pointer in the right direction is a heartening thing; so if you are a lady in a fog with appearance problems which, figuratively speaking, don't let you see your hand in front of you, it may be that this will help to put you in the clear.

WHAT to do with last year's fur coat, which is now inches above this year's hemline? If you cannot face the expense of having it lengthened (the cost is apt to be formidable), have it shortened to three-quarter length; but remember this: a three-quarter-length coat is only smart over a narrow skirt. Wide hems under short coats, fur or otherwise, are definitely dowdy.

YOU and the new short hair-cut. Everyone is talking and writing about the new short hair style. If you have the features for it and are prepared to face up to the cost of frequent cuts and new perms, adopt it by all means. But no hair style is becoming merely because it is fashionable. One can safely follow the general trend for the short, close-to-the-head hair-do, but individual adaptation to your own features is a must.

HOW to meet the evening-dress problem? Every other woman is in a fog about making one party dress do for all occasions. The season's fashions provide the answer,

because boleros and short, full-backed jackets are very much in the mode. Choose a dress with a full décolleté which you can wear for grand occasions and add a jacket with sleeves which converts it into a dinner or afternoon gown. A ballet-length skirt will make it right for all occasions from afternoon to midnight.

TENT coats *versus* the rest? When you choose a new winter coat you will be confronted with the choice between a loose-swinging pyramid type and the less spectacular fitted coat. No need to be in a fog about this one. Voluminous coats are only for the woman with the inches. Others must choose the coat with the slender lines.

WHAT colours are attractive for winter without being dreary and easily linked with accessories? Paris says green, a subtle and brighter shade of our familiar friend, bottle-green. It has the advantage of being a serviceable and yet a smart colour. Match it with your hat and gloves and wear a touch of pink. Deep violet topcoats and suits are turning up a lot. This, too, is a serviceable but gay colour for winter, and becoming to clear-skinned types. Wear it with black for ultra-smartness.

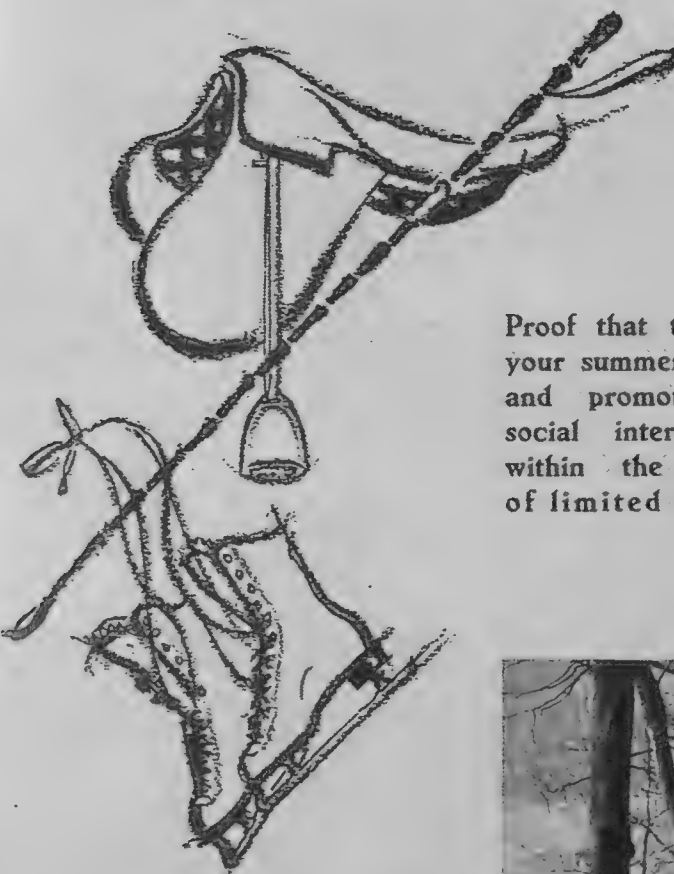
THE hat hunt. Hat styles are widely varied this winter, and many of them are difficult to wear. The cloche, about which we hear so much, has unhappy 1923 associations, but if you choose a shallow-crowned style it will probably look charming. Little caps with pointed crowns (there are many of them) are pretty, but only for young and piquant faces, please.

MARY MASTERS.

IT is sad business for all of us to watch the good effects of holidays and summer days outdoors slowly fading under the dismal influence of winter. That becoming toast-colour that you acquired so laboriously under the summer skies; that feeling of well-being which comes from outdoor activity is hard to part from, so why do it?

For people who live in cities, good health and the good looks which go with it are assets which have to be defended with energy and determination. Exercise and new interests are 60 per cent. of the success of summer's enjoyment—and a tonic you can enjoy the year round, if you take up a sport which is within the possibilities of your purse.

YOUR WINTER SPORT



Proof that to keep your summer health and promote new social interests is within the means of limited purses

Riding conjures the picture of country lanes on still, frosty mornings, with the pale winter sun turning hoar frost into diamonds. Riding is a healthy form of exercise—as you will know after your first lesson—as well as an exciting accomplishment. Once you have become an experienced rider, the whole countryside lies open to you to explore.

Fencing, skating, golf, riding, squash are not beyond the means of modest incomes and pay big dividends in improved health and fresh interests.

FENCING, for instance, is becoming increasingly popular with women; partly because it helps to develop natural grace and physical poise. The average subscription to a fencing club is around five to six guineas, for which you can have two or more lessons a week; for one lesson a week your annual fee may be as low as two or three guineas.

The outfit is not expensive. The beginner needs a fencing jacket, foils, glove and mask—roughly speaking, it should be possible to buy these for less than £5. You wear ordinary gym shoes, and a short, full skirt which doesn't restrict your movements. Later on, as you become increasingly keen (and increasingly proficient), you will probably buy more foils and perhaps get a complete fencing suit made to measure.

The London Polytechnic runs a fencing club, and here the entrance fee is only a guinea, while the charge made for instruction is purely nominal.

IF you live in the country, or on the outskirts of London, riding is one of the healthiest and most enjoyable of sports. In the centre of London and its inner suburbs, riding can be expensive and may cost up to 12s. 6d. an hour, or 15s. to 17s. with an instructor. Further out, it is cheaper; usually averaging from 7s. 6d. an hour and 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. with tuition.

Would-be riders are sometimes deterred by the thought of buying an expensive outfit, and it is true that if you take up riding you must be prepared for an initial outlay of anything from £18. Essentials are riding-jacket, jodhpurs, jodhpur boots. A plain felt hat or a beret will do. If you are lucky enough to get a utility jacket, this will reduce the cost. Perhaps the best scheme is to buy second-hand kit, which you should be able to buy for under £12.

SKATING is another sport growing in popularity, and in this case the outlay is negligible—since, to start with, you need not even have your own skates. Smartest minimum outfit is a plain sweater and short skirt—either pleated or gored. Wear matching panties that come down to your stocking-tops.

Entrance to an ice-rink is around 3s.; hire of skates 1s. 6d. Instruction costs anything from 3s. to 10s. 6d. according to the expert of your choice, and the fee is for twenty minutes. Although skating may seem a youngster's choice, older women often take it up, and I, personally, knew of one on the shady side of forty who became very skilful.

The number of lessons needed depends upon the standards of skill you aim for, and your own natural aptitude. Many skaters get over the initial stages on their own and then take a course of lessons in fancy skating and dancing.

MANY potential golfers are put off by the cost of club subscriptions, but these vary widely according to the type of club and the locality. If you are an absolute beginner, enquire if the club has a five-day membership. This debars



Skating is a social sport. A fellow initiate will help to preserve your enthusiasm and your equilibrium during the first difficult stages. Later she can partner you in dancing and figure skating.



play at week-ends, but considerably lessens expense. For instance, total entrance and annual subscription at my local club comes to 13 guineas, but for five-day members the joint sum is only 7½ guineas—a point worth remembering if you are going to do most of your golf in the week, anyway!

It isn't necessary to launch out into a spectacular set of clubs for your first games. Half-a-dozen (two woods, four irons) are enough for a start; even then, this is the major item on your expense sheet. If you buy those of a recognised make, cost will be about £14 to £15 for new clubs. My recommendation is that you buy second-hand ones, at considerably less. A bag should cost about £1 15s. to £2 2s. As for clothes, a sweater and slacks or a skirt are sufficient. Golf shoes, excellent for all-round country wear, cannot be classified as an "extra."

SQUASH is one of the healthiest and most stimulating of all games. Courts are expensive to instal and many are unserviceable due to neglect during the war, so it is as well to find out whether there are courts available nearby. Subscription to a club is usually about 4 guineas. First lessons are from 7s. 6d. to 10s. on an average. Court fees cost about 2s., but no charge is made for lessons. In some clubs it is possible to have a "trial lesson" for a small fee.

Squash kit isn't expensive. Dress as for tennis: "whites" were once essential, but most clubs have relaxed their rules on these points. Squash rackets are in short supply at the moment, but you should be able to get an ex-Service one (at one of the big stores) for about 55s.



The lure of the handicap has been known to entice golfers into the open air on the least tempting of grey days. Back at the nineteenth hole, with the memory of straight drives, champagne air, wind through your hair and springy turf beneath your feet, the reduction of one in the handicap will seem a minor achievement.



Fencing is one of the most elegant of indoor sports, often included in stage training because of its value in increasing poise and grace of movement. Here women are on an equal footing with men, for the art of fencing depends not on physical strength, but on quickness of judgment and suppleness of the wrist in parry and riposte. For those to whom the thrill of contest does not appeal, there are the ceremonial salutes with an elaborate ritual of movements which echo the vanished age of chivalry.

White For A Black Suit



MATERIALS : 5 ozs. "La Laine" Super-Fingering 2-ply in white; one pair needles No. 14, one pair No. 8; 8 buttons; 8 patent snaps; one pair small shoulder-pads.

MEASUREMENT : 36 ins. to 38 ins. bust.

TENSION : $7\frac{1}{2}$ sts. to 1 in. and 9 rows to 1 in. approx.

THE BACK

With No. 14 needles cast on 130 sts. Work in rib, 3 ins. (48 rows) as follows :

1st row.—K. 1, *k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end, k. last st.

2nd row.—K. 1, *k. 1, p. 1 (k. into back of k. sts. to give a twisted effect), repeat from * to end, k. last st.

End with right side of work facing (twisted side). Inc. to 136 sts. in next row as follows :

Inc. in the 12th st. and every following 21st st. to end. Change to No. 8 needles and work in stocking st. (k. 1 row, p. 1 row), increasing 1 st. at beg. and end of 9th row and every following 8th row until there are 150 sts. and 9 ins. (77 rows). End p. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast-off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows; 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 2 st. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 6 rows (122 sts.)

Work until 31 rows from commencement of armhole. End p. row. *Make darts.*

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 30, k. 2 tog., k. 44 (work 5 rows).

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 28, k. 2 tog., k. 44 (work 5 rows).

(Continued on page 61)

Black For A Dressy Blouse

ABBREVIATIONS : K.=knit; p.=purl; st.=stitch; inc.=increase (work into front and back of same st.); dec.=decrease (take 2 sts. tog.); w.f.=wool forward; sl.=slip; p.s.s.o.=pass slip stitch over; w.r.n.=wool round needle; tog.=together.

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. of 2-ply "Lavenda" wool in black; one pair each of No. 11 and No. 13 needles; one No. 12 crochet hook; 10 small buttons; set of cuffs and collar.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins.; all round underarms, 35 ins.; underarm of sleeve seam, 6 ins.

TENSION : 11 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles cast on 131 sts. First 3 rows knit.
4th row.—*K. 3, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

Next 2 rows knit, then work in the following pattern :
1st row.—K. 1, *m. 1, k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—P. 2, *m. 1, p. 2, p. 3 tog., p. 2, m. 1, p. 3. Repeat from *, ending the last repeat with p. 2 instead of p. 3.

3rd row.—K. 3, *m. 1, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 5. Repeat from *, ending the last repeat k. 3 instead of k. 5.

4th row.—P. 4, *m. 1, p. 3 tog., m. 1, p. 7. Repeat from *, ending the last repeat with p. 4 instead of p. 7.

5th row.—K. 2 tog., *k. 3, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Repeat from *, ending the last repeat k. 2 tog. instead of sl. 1, k. 2 tog.; p.s.s.o.

6th row.—P. 2 tog., *p. 2, m. 1, p. 3, m. 1, p. 2, p. 3 tog. Repeat from *, ending the last repeat with p. 2 tog. instead of p. 3 tog.

7th row.—K. 2 tog., *k. 1, m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. Repeat from *, ending k. 2 tog. instead of sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.

8th row.—P. 2 tog., *m. 1, p. 7, m. 1, p. 3 tog. Repeat from *, ending the last repeat with p. 2 tog. instead of p. 3 tog.

These 8 rows form pattern.

Continue until 12 ins. from the cast-on-edge.

(Continued on page 61)



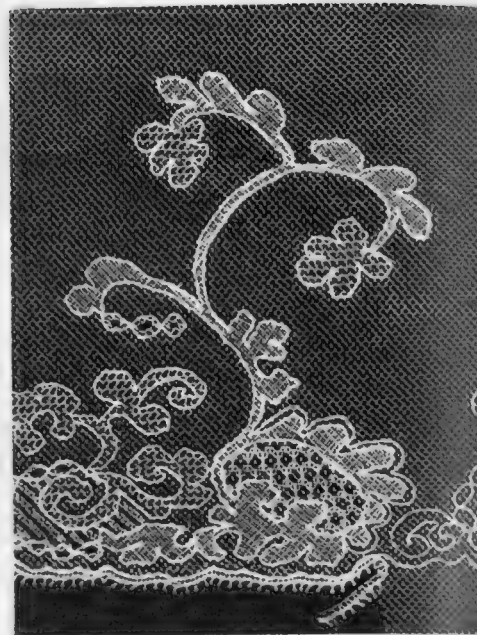
A Dress To Wear Under Your Coat.

From left to right : Susan Small's lovely cherry-red corduroy dress is a cheering thing to wear, and warm, with its wide circular skirt and neatly-belted waist. Price £17 6s. A stone-beige wool dress with the fashionable corselet waistline and a skin belt, and a blue-grey wool dress with detachable piqué collar are examples from the large Utility ranges at Selfridges. A two-piece W.O. Marcus model in fine whipcord has a swathed velvet belt and fitted coat to match. Ceiling price from Fenwicks of Bond Street. Another Utility model in soft wool, with hand-smocking at the waistline. A Linzi model, price 74s.



Further particulars of where these dresses can be obtained can be had on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope to Britannia and Eve, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

(Right.) The two basic stages of needlerun lace, one of the illustrations from "A Manual of Lace," a book of practical instruction in lace-making by Jeannette Pethebridge. (Left.) An exquisite eighteenth-century embroidered panel from the Victoria and Albert Museum. The design is worked in a simple darning stitch, with details picked out in satin and stem stitch.



channels. It is as satisfying as a garden which flowers under your hands, and less exacting; it is an outlet for creative instinct and a challenge to skill. Better than all, it leaves you rested, still by your own fireside.

There are women in thousands sewing happily and with skill in their hours of leisure, but far too many of us deny ourselves the pleasure of this most feminine of hobbies, under the illusion that we lack the skill and the time.

As to the first point, there is not a grain of truth in it. Some fine needlework in our museums was done in times past by children. As to the second, the average woman is not overburdened with leisure, yet most of us have a few quiet hours to spend by our own firesides. Why not to sew? A piece of intricate needlework grows slowly, perhaps, but what's the hurry? The greatest appeal of the work is in its peaceful progress.

The basic stitches, even of some of the most impressive needlework pieces, are often simple. The more intricate the design and the more skilfully blended the colouring, the more difficult the work, but artistic designs are not always complicated. The exquisite sampler photographed was executed by a child of nine. Look closely at a piece of fine petit-point and you will see that the actual stitchery is often simple. Apart from the merit of the design and the skilful blending of the colours, the secret lies in *patience* as much as skill.

If you aim to try your hand at beautiful needlework, buy a book on Basic Embroidery Stitches. There is an excellent pamphlet obtainable from the Royal School of Needlework. It will surprise you to find how easy the stitches are.

There are L.C.C. classes in Needlecrafts and others of the same kind in trade and technical schools elsewhere. If you intend to take your sewing seriously this is a good way to make a start.

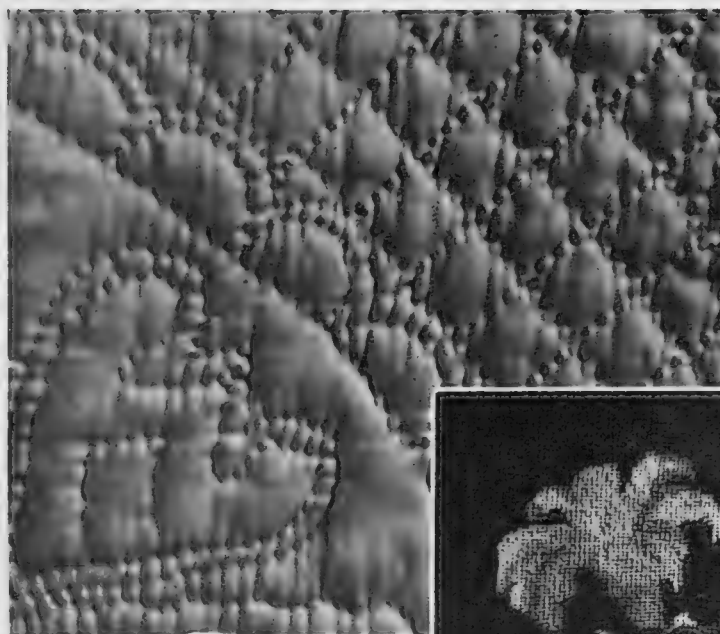
There are exciting things to make as your skill increases. Tapestry chair seats, needlework pictures, petit-point backs for brushes and toilet mirrors, tatting and quilting. Quilting is fun to do and not difficult. Italian quilting is worked from the back of the material and a cord piping is run through channels of stitching. English quilting is worked from the front with neat running stitches outlining a traced design over a backing of muslin and an interlining of wadding.

Lace-making sounds formidable for the amateur, but needlerun lace (see illustration) is by no means

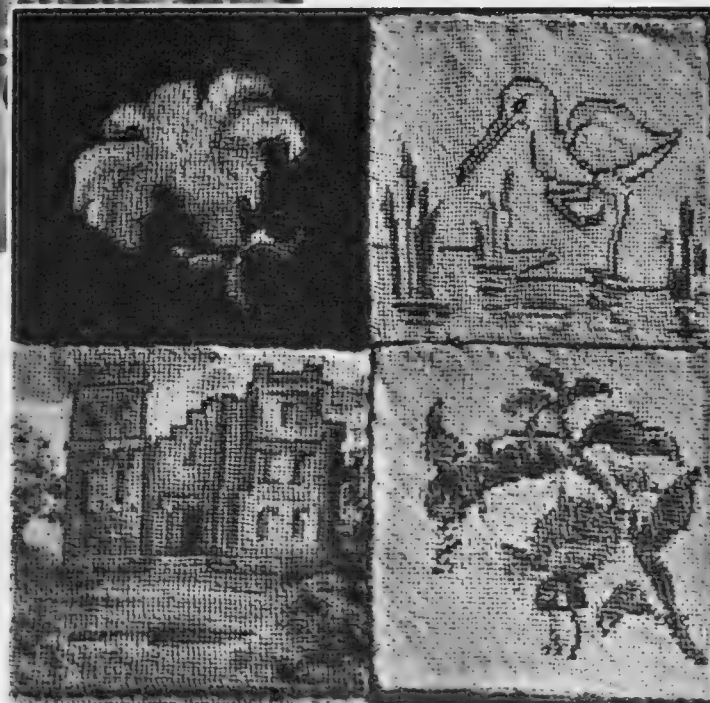
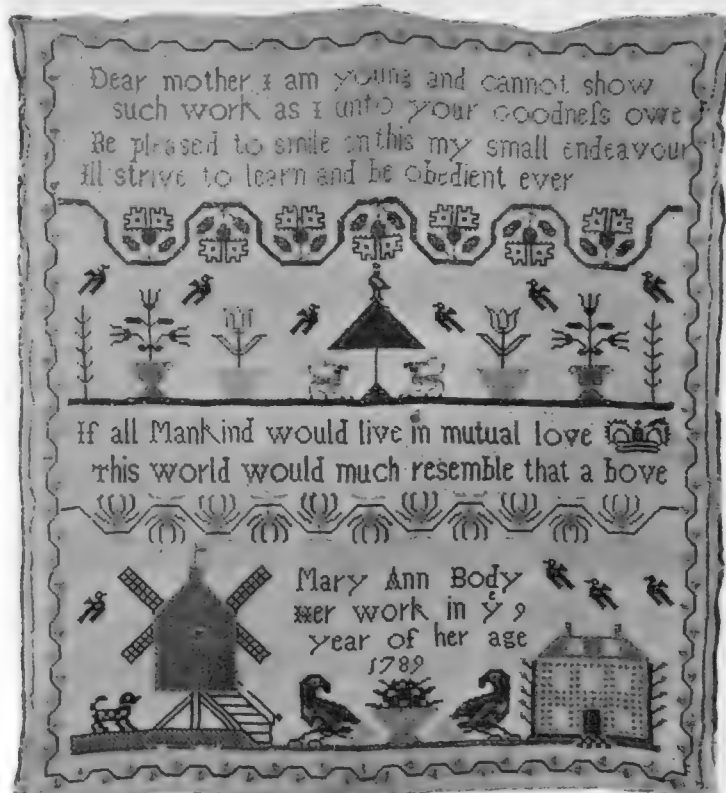
THERE was a time long past when women were judged as much for their accomplishments as for their virtue and beauty. To play sweetly upon the harp and to sew a fine seam were minimum accomplishments for a lady of leisure. The leisure has departed, and with it many of the accomplishments, yet there can never have been a time when the stresses of living found us so much in need of quiet occupations.

Needlework is a fascinating hobby. It is creative, it is skilful and it is soothing to jaded nerves. It is one of the few things remaining at which one can sit quietly, relaxed, yet so occupied that the thoughts are diverted into smooth and peaceful

to Sew a



(Left.) A detail from one of the traditional Durham quilts made by miners' wives for Women's Home Industries, Ltd. (Below.) Close-up of a needlework rug also made for Women's Home Industries, Ltd. Each 9-in. square is embroidered separately in gros-point, using coloured three-ply rug wool, the squares later mounted on canvas backing.



(Left.) A charming sampler from the Victoria and Albert Museum worked entirely in simple cross-stitch on canvas, demonstrating that intricacy of workmanship is less important than charm of design.

beyond the scope of patient fingers. The principle of the thing consists in a series of darning stitches worked in thread with a crewel needle on a background of net.

A design is tacked at the back of the net. The outlines are traced with thread and then filled in with a variety of darning stitches. Lace-making is an occupation for delicate fingers. It cannot to-day be called a very practical form of needlework, but how lovely!

Methods of rug-making go much further than the familiar method of hooking a loop of wool through canvas. Beautiful rugs are made in cross-stitch and, one of the prettiest stitches of all for rug work, the Kelim stitch. There are also the Hungarian stitch and the Needle-tuft method, all of which are worked with a needle and wool on a canvas base.

Essential materials for needlework and fine embroidery are back. With the exception of embroidery wool, which is short, silks such as Filoselle, Arden's Star Sylko and Anchor Stranded thread are available again. WINIFRED LEWIS.



The Seam



Seen in Passing

By Valerie Burke.

ONE of to-day's most welcome shopping sights is the variety of cheap, ingenious kitchen gadgets, designed to save the housewife's time without making too heavy inroads into her housekeeping purse. The "Minimincer," for instance, is a multiple-blade herb mincer that will make light work of what can be a tedious culinary job, indispensable at 2s. 9d. A butter curler, designed with the weekly ration in mind to turn an ounce of margarine into a mound of decorative and tempting wafers, costs 2s.

ANOTHER ration-saver is the "Teasy" tea-caddy (10s.). This neat, bake-lite wall fixture which automatically measures out tea a teaspoonful at a time, will be a subtle reminder to those inclined to recklessness at the beginning of the ration period.

A RATHER more expensive appliance is a battery-driven electric mixer, price 25s., suitable for light mixtures such as egg, batter or the ritual of the Horlick's nightcap. Those whose secret ambition is to take the ache out of cake-making will have to save up for a Kenwood Food Mixer. Definitely a luxury at £22 6s. 3d. But it is worth saving for this cream-finished, streamlined mains electric mixer, which, besides being an elegant ornament to any well-equipped

News from the shopping front is becoming more and more cheering as goods are finding their way back into the stores in increasing quantities. Here, for example, are some interesting finds—and a bargain or two—during a recent shopping expedition in London. If you would like to know where any item was seen, send a stamped and addressed envelope to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

kitchen, will beat the richest of cake mixtures, extract and strain fruit juices, mince meat, grind coffee and clean silver at the touch of a knob.

WHILE on the subject of electricity, there is a new foot-operated electric switch now available which is illustrated here, just to show how neat and simple it is. The advantages of turning off the electric fire or the electric iron when the arms are full and the switch is in an inaccessible place are obvious. So if you are having a new point installed, remember the "Clix" switch.

IF your teen-age daughter is just beginning to find her social feet, why not make her a present of a heater-cum-cooker for her own room? She will be delighted at the idea of doing her own independent entertaining and it will save you a lot of work. There is an excellent electric fire which can, in a trice, be converted into a cooker with heating space for two saucepans with a grill beneath. In oxydised bronze or oxydised copper, price £5 12s. 6d.

Lagging Pipes.

PROTECTION for pipes and water-tanks is a necessary precaution against winter frosts and need not be too difficult an undertaking for the amateur handyman. Collect together all the materials needed for lagging before tackling the job. You should have all the old newspapers you can lay hands on, a roll or two of lagging felt, obtainable from any hardware stores, a coil of copper wire, gauge 22, or, if this is not obtainable, a ball of strong string.

Wrap the pipe completely in a double sheet of newspaper, carefully easing the pipe away from the wall where necessary. Then bind the pipe with lagging felt, making each turn overlap the previous one. Secure the lagging in place with the copper wire or string, knotting at frequent intervals.

Now for the tank. Cover the sides and bottom of the tank with several thicknesses of newspaper, then with lagging felt, bind the tank round and round until the tank is completely covered, overlapping each turn as with the pipes. Lay several thicknesses of newspaper on the lid of the tank and cover the whole with an old blanket or a sack. If the tank has no lid, it is advisable to make one, as without complete cover on all six sides, all efforts against frost will be wasted.

IN the same stores, there are some attractive book-tables like the one illustrated. Made in three woods, weathered sycamore, Queensland walnut and mahogany, with a variety of gay hunting prints and reproduction maps in the glass-covered removable tray top.

PLASTIC is still the cheap, but certainly not the nasty stuff it used to be, as the handbag in the photograph will show. This is an example from an exclusive range of plastic handbags in moiré, patent, calf and pin-seal finishes to be bought from as little as 18s. 11d. The stroller umbrella, Paris-inspired, in the same photograph, is good value at 69s. 6d., with a stout metal frame and gaily-patterned rayon silk cover and frill.





JAN RIEGER had a poor boyhood in Prague with a patient, hard-working mother. He fought as an Austro-Hungarian in the 1914 war, climbed to prominence in a Prague bank in the new Czechoslovakia, became an ardent night-clubber, had an enchanting love affair with a dancer, married unhappily a millionaire's daughter, built up a famous glass business, married again—happily this time—went to New York to open a branch there, had all his plans smashed by the Nazi invasion, tried chicken-farming, then joined the Canadian Army to help liberate his lost homeland.

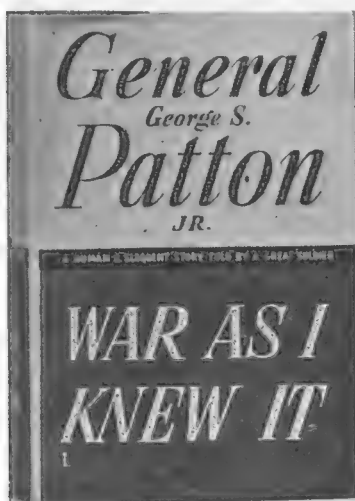
Does that sound good material for an autobiography? Miss Dorothy Duncan tells it so well in "Portrait of Jan" (Hale, 12s. 6d.) that I vote it one of the best I have read—and "lives" are my favourite reading. The war experiences have a "Sergeant Grischa" quality; the Prague night-life, that of an Impressionist nocturne; the glass-shop is a "Boutique Fantastique." Altogether an exceptional book for all who like to read of real people.

severe; others, excluded for the present, were doubtless more so! Apart from a tangle of technical detail, the book holds because it is so essentially Yank and as un-Blimpish as any brass-hat's could be.

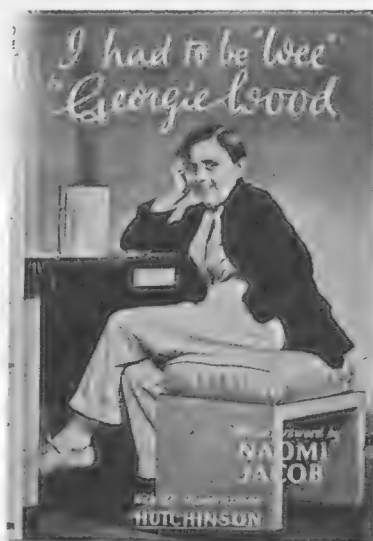
A YOUNG woman who saw something of the underside of war is Miss Anita Leslie, whose "Train to Nowhere" (Hutchinson, 16s.) chiefly retails her experiences as *ambulancière* with the 1st French Armoured Division, notably in the fierce Vosges battles and that around Mulhouse and the Colmar pocket in minefields covered with snow. It is concerned not mainly with the "lighter side," as the jacket note claims, but with the blood, muck, chaos and ordeal of it all as she saw it, and I admire her natural, unaffected style. War books are not fashionable at the moment, yet I urge every woman to read this one; she will be proud of what these women did, and the trials they endured.

Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen



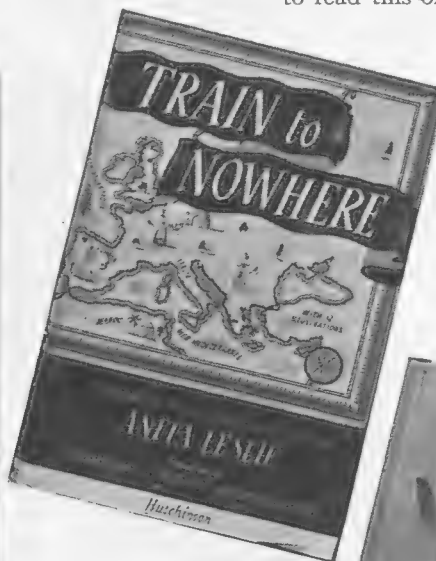
AS a boy comedian touring with a juvenile pantomime company Georgie Wood overheard people say: "Oh yes, he's all right now, but wait until he grows up!" What if he suddenly sprouted like Jack's Beanstalk, became tall and thin like Carlton the Human Hairpin? Every night he prayed: "Please, God, don't let me grow up." But he need not have worried, for his fate was in the title of his autobiography: "I Had to be 'Wee'" (Hutchinson, 18s.). It is an artless—sometimes arch-human story of the nipper of eight who did concerts at 3s. 6d. to 10s. 6d., a show and rose to music hall stardom. I should have liked less of the small-talk, more "stories" like that of the American clown to whom he showed photographs of Melba's Melbourne home, remarking: "This is Melba's Roman swimming pool." "Gee," said the Yank, "I'm glad you showed me that one! I never liked to show my ignorance, but I've often wondered what it meant in the papers out here when they described Melba as—The Great Diver." James Agate told Georgie: "It is given to many



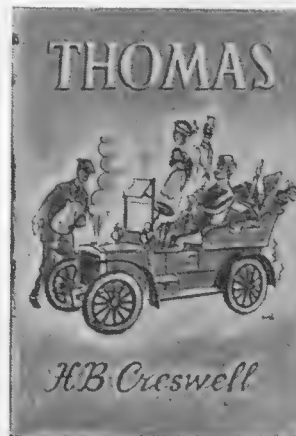
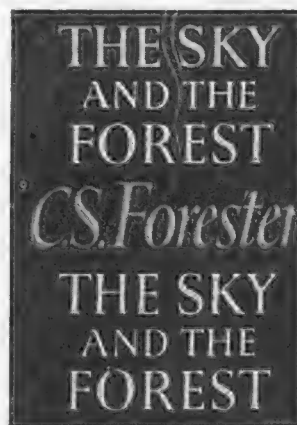
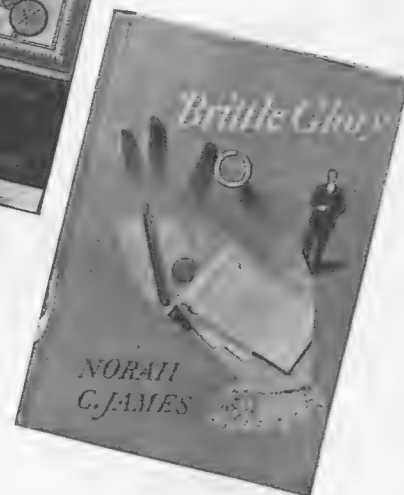
to begin as juvenile prodigies, but you, my dear George, will live to be a senile prodigy." His book proves him to be more than that—a great little man with a big heart and a mind well above his inches.

A PRODIGY on the giant scale was General George S. Patton, Jr., who logged his campaign in "War as I Knew It" (W. H. Allen, 18s.). It covers the North Africa landings, Sicily, visits to Egypt and Palestine, the U.S. Third Army operations in Europe, and concludes with a military analysis to help future commanders. Patton wrote as he fought—buoyantly, truculently, pulling no punches, and some of his criticisms are

administrative officer posted there, but they could be primitively grim at times. In "It's a Bigger Life" (Hutchinson, 18s.), we get the ugliness and diseases of those romantic South Sea islands as well as the beauties and the fun. Incidentally she met on Tarawa a Capt. Handley who searched for the missing flyer, Amelia Earheart; a few (Continued on page 68)



MRS. LUCILLE MIREMONGER'S trials were of a different kind when she sailed off to Funafuti in the West Pacific Ellice Islands on a honeymoon with an



In Search of Glamour

THE first story I ever heard illustrating the escapist urge was told me when I was a child. It was a family story handed down by my great-grandparents on my mother's side who were settlers at Fort Dearborn before the days when Chicago became a town. At that time the Red Indians had a bad habit of raiding the settlers and massacring everyone they could find. After one such massacre my great grandfather was driving the only survivor, who happened to be a woman, back to the safety of the nearest settlement and as she drove along with her head down and her shoulders hunched she suddenly drew herself up, looked round and said, "My, how I'd love to see a circus."

Just now when we are going through a high-powered world crisis, the best and by far the most satisfactory form of escapism is to go out and buy Christmas presents. They remind us that there is still a smattering of goodwill left to counteract the rude realities of everyday life.

Jane Gordon

THIS year I am not 'going' to allow Christmas to creep up on me unawares and find myself with two or three dozen presents to buy and only two or three days to buy them in. That business of dashing around crowded shops trying to find the right present for the right person and not enough time to make a good selection can be guaranteed as the one sure and certain way of spending too much money on the wrong present. The last-minute present has a nasty trick of looking like a make-do when you get it home. When I wrap up this kind of gift I have a feeling that it may wear an insulting expression when it is unwrapped.

From one woman to another the most attractive Christmas gift is a little beauty luxury and this year the packing of all preparations is more attractive than ever before.

When you go out to choose Christmas presents you know more or less the approximate price you wish to spend. Here's a selection for the 10s. limit:

Coty's has the neatest and most charming little box containing six perfumed Bath Tablets. The cream box is patterned with little green cupids flying about on a cream-coloured sky spangled with green stars, and there is a Cellophane wrapping to add shine. The price of this box is 5s. 9d. and there will be no difficulty about a neat posting parcel. The matching Talc Powder is in a round metal container decorated in cream and gold. This costs 5s. and has a sprinkler top.

The newest and neat-

est hair spray is called Spraygloss. You can get it for dry or naturally oily hair. The elegant glass bottle which looks like a scent spray has a neat little travelling cap as well as the scent spray bulb and cap. No. 1 with the mauve label is for normal or dry hair. No. 2 with the blue label is for naturally greasy hair. The price for the complete box is only 5s. 8d. Incidentally, the refills are 3s. 2d.

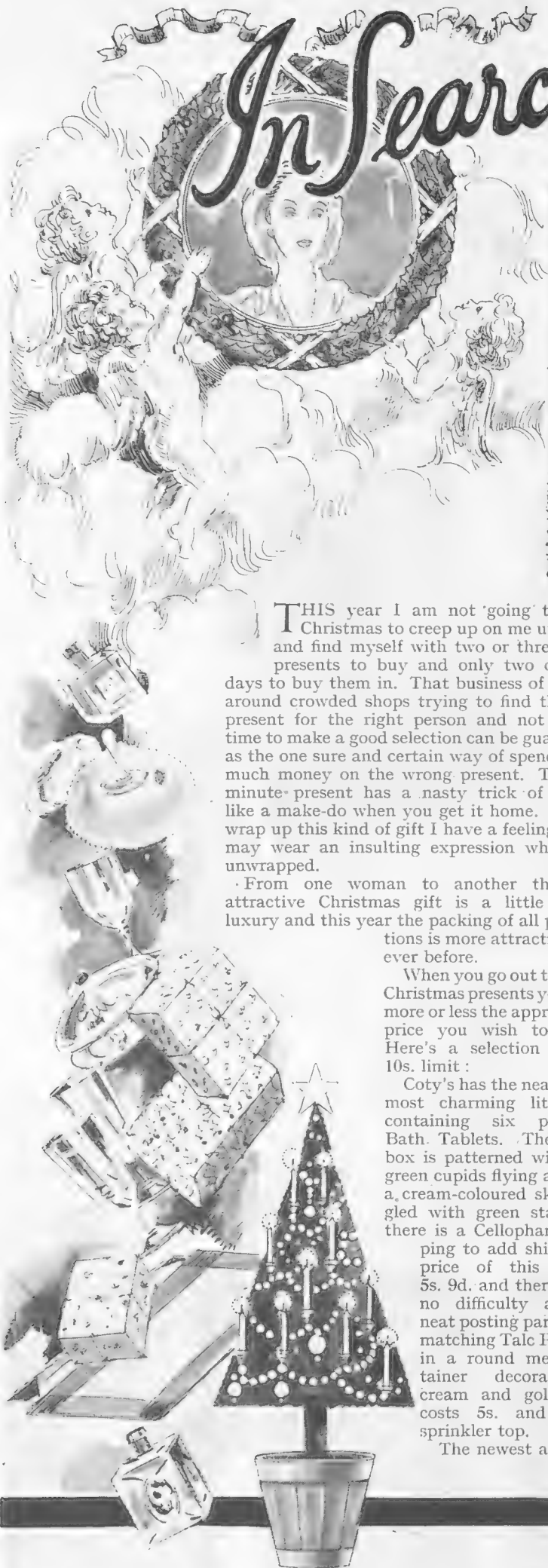
THE most difficult people to buy presents for are men. You almost certainly go wrong if you try to select a tie, a pipe, a shaving brush or tobacco pouch, but if you wish to give him a small luxury he would never think of buying for himself try Pine Bath Salts or Pine Bath Lotion. Latoga Pine Bath Lotion is a particularly good one. You can get bottles for 5s. 10d. or 9s. 2d., and Macleans Oslo Pine Chrystals are now on the market again for the modest price of 1s. 2d.

INSTEAD of a calendar or an expensive Christmas card why not give your girl friend a swansdown powder puff? She will find it far more useful than a Christmas card. It will last much longer. The Heléna puff costs from 2s. 6d. in a Cellophane envelope.

One of the best values in Talcum Powder is Yardley's Lavender Talc which costs 2s. 5d. a tin.

The gayest 10s. Christmas present I have yet found is Goya's Perfume Collection which contains a complete perfume wardrobe of four handbag phials boxed in a little Cellophane packing with a Best Wishes label stamped on the back.

Best friends' and family presents may cost anything. The success of the present does not depend upon the price paid. The useful luxury is much more fun to give than to receive an uninspired necessity. Let me give you just one example of this. I count handkerchiefs as uninspired necessities no matter how pretty or expensive they may be. I count an attractive bath mat as a useful necessity. In Bond Street I found some really (Continued on page 68)



Mirror glass can be a very decorative feature of the home if you know how to use it

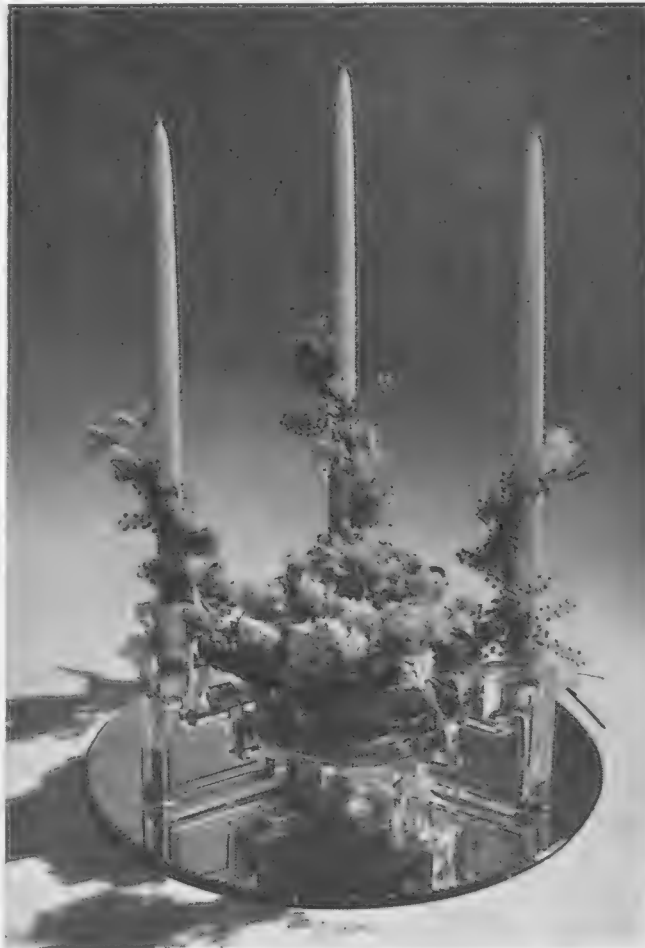
ALMOST any room gains an added effect of charm and even spaciousness if mirrors are well chosen and skilfully placed. Mirrors are more than looking glasses. They are an important decorative feature in themselves.

The rules regarding mirrors are few and rigid.

Place them where they will reflect light. Either daytime or artificial. Placed facing or at right-angles to a window they will give your room, in natural light, an added depth and additional reflected light. When hung in other parts of a room, they should be associated with the lighting-scheme. It is a good thing to put a mirror in a darkish corner, if it will reflect the light from a wall-bracket or standard lamp when the lights go on.

NEW mirrors are expensive, but many homes have old-fashioned mirrors, with blemished faces which might well come to light again. The average charge for resilvering is somewhere in the region of 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per sq. foot. If the glass has to be cut to a required size, an additional charge will be made for "bevel-edging." One of the most attractive mirrors I have seen was made from resilvered glass from an old swinging-mirror removed from a chest of drawers, and fitted into a gilt picture frame. A really lovely mirror was thus made at a cost of less than two pounds, including the plastic wood and gilt paint needed for "touching up" the damaged moulding of the picture frame.

FOR a small hall which presents furnishing problems, a simple solution may be to settle on a mirror and an arrangement of shelves beneath—painted or enamelled in the same colour-



Above:

A MEDALLION of mirror glass makes a charming centre piece for the table. In this case three glass candlesticks and a shallow bowl with freezia, mimosa and green foliage are arranged to reflect their colours in the mirror

Left:

AN old carved picture frame re-gilded and fitted with a mirror makes an inexpensive and important decoration for the mantel

Right:

A JARDINIERE, like a window box, to hold flowering plants and ferns fitted to the wall with angle brackets, below a long mirror. Good for a hall

scheme as the rest of the woodwork.

Similarly, for the smallish bedroom, a happy inspiration is to fit a full-length mirror to the inside of the door. On the door of the room it not only gives an added impression of space, but is more readily accessible.

CHOOSE mirrors to harmonize with the rooms in which they are placed. Unframed glass, fixed flush on to the wall, is in keeping with the type of room which has modern, streamlined furniture.

Another effective idea is to place a mirror vertically, with narrow strips of coloured mirror-glass at each end: a scheme particularly adapted for above a sideboard or fireplace.

An unconventional—but quite inexpensive arrangement for a bedroom with divan beds can be made by having a very large gilt or fancy mirror cut into two and used as bed-heads. Large pier glasses can be bought quite cheaply and if not used in the way I have described, the mirror can be resilvered and cut into small useful mirrors of the required size.

ANOTHER excellent use to which an unwanted mirror can be put is as a firescreen—for ornamental use. This is a particularly good choice for summer when a bowl of flowers or arrangement of leaves in front gives a lovely effect.

A piece of mirror-glass can be set into a plain tray and a piece of plain bevelled mirror-glass makes a delightful centre-piece for the table when flowers are placed on it.

BUILT-IN bookshelves make a focal point in a room's furnishings. A mirror hung above them, with wall-bracket lights each side is effective: so also is a strip of mirror-glass cut to face the top of a shelf on which flowers and those little *objets d'art* we all collect in some form or another are arranged.

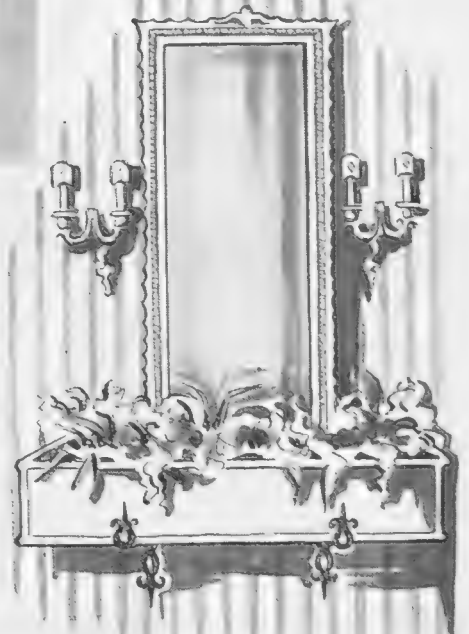
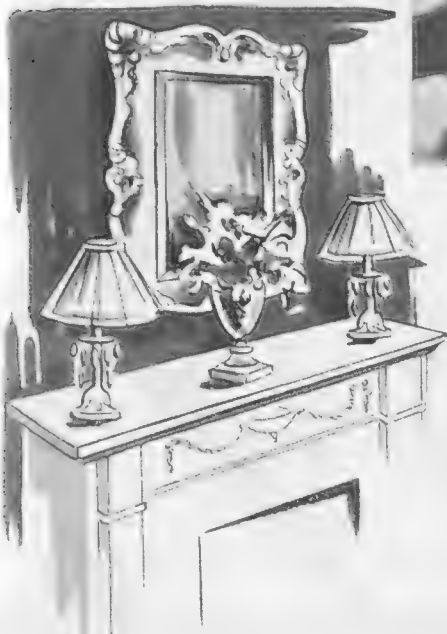


Figure Work

YOU cannot do justice to a model gown or a pretty face if you have a bad figure or hold yourself without grace.

Fortunately to-day these are not incurable ailments. Miracles can be wrought by the right approach to the wrong figure. Condemned some years ago as an impossible frame for any frock, a bad figure can to-day be miraculously improved by patience, exercise, the right corset and clever dressing.

Figure-faults-in-chief of those who cannot do justice to their wardrobe are, more often than not, excess fat, bad posture and ugly movements. The too-lean sister can too often look as unattractive as she who touches the teens on the scales.

How should the problem be tackled? First of all, make the best of your figure as it is. Study the way you move, and the way you hold yourself.

Do you hold yourself correctly? Consider your figure in a full-length mirror. Your normal posture should be like this:

Chest high, abdomen up and in, shoulders back, feet together, toes forward, with weight on the balls of the feet. Knees should not be too stiff.

If you find your figure fault is your posture, bear it in mind until you find you are doing what comes naturally—in other words, holding yourself correctly.

Ugly movements can often be as unattractive as an excessively bad figure.

Develop a quiet, even walk bearing always in mind that you should walk with the weight on the balls of your feet.

Don't pose but have poise,

FOR centuries Greek dancing has been practised as a means of improving balance and poise by means of rhythmical movements to music. The movements are typified in the scenes of dancelike positions in the pictures on the right. Control of the limbs is a first principle of grace. The study of movement is as important in improving the figure as the question of silhouette.



learn to sit gracefully and to be sure in your movements. Again, faults here are often best corrected by studying yourself in a mirror. Take a chair, be your natural self and see if and where you fail in grace.

If you are overweight, analyse the cause. More likely than not, the trouble is too much of the wrong kind of food. Even to-day with rations short as they are, it is possible to follow a diet without starving. Cut down on starchy foods, substitute saccharine for sugar, use a synthetic salt instead of salt—incidentally a very fattening condiment—avoid salad dressings, sauces or soups with a flour base, alcohol with the exception of white wine and hand over your sweet ration to a favourite godchild. Eat toast melba, rusks or wheaten biscuits instead of bread. You will find that these simple adjustments will dismiss many pounds in a few weeks.

If you're trying to *gain* a few extra pounds to improve your figure, eat sweet and starchy things galore. Eat puddings and pies of all kinds, bread and potatoes and oily salad dressings. All will help to turn the scales in your favour.

If you are very considerably over or under weight, consult a doctor. Glandular trouble is often the reason for excessive weight and can be cured with treatment. There are often organic reasons for underweight which can be treated successfully too.

The most important thing about dieting is the attitude you adopt towards it. Determine to enjoy it. Determine to stick to your programme rigidly. Resolve that your aim is a good figure. At first you will be permanently conscious of what you must and mustn't eat. After a while you will find you enjoy your diet and will want to stick to it religiously.

If your figure is an awkward shape, you'll find the advice of an experienced corsetiere well worth the time and money expended. Don't wear an expensive belt when doing household chores or any other job that calls for physical exertion. Supplies of two-way stretch belts, now on the market again, are ideal; keep your "made to measure" for special occasions only.

Find the exercise to improve your figure fault whether it's hips, bust, middle age spread; and exercise seriously. And don't forget to dress yourself appropriately in the manner most suited to your figure.

Word Of Mouth

CHANGE the shape of your lips if it will improve your looks. If your mouth is too large draw an outline inside your natural one, leaving powder to tone down your more generous line. If your lips are too small draw an outline outside your natural one. Fill in the area made by the outline.

An ultra-slim lipstick, recently launched on the market, is the perfect foil for a good lipline. It costs 7s. 6d. and refills in all the manufacturer's shades can be bought for 3s. 5d. each. Special point is that each refill colour has its own gold metal shell so that lip colours can be carried around in the handbag and substituted at any time with no bother or mess.



A GOOD set of teeth can produce a beautiful smile: it can also produce health and a good skin. On the other hand, a mouth with decaying teeth and infected gums is often the cause of headaches, lack of appetite and a run-down condition. These are a few reasons why regular attention to the teeth is essential.

Rules for keeping the teeth in good order are simple enough to learn and, once learnt, simple to put into practice daily.

Consider your diet first. Various foods contain certain

properties which must be taken into the system if the teeth are to be kept safe and sound. These are calcium, phosphorus and vitamins A, C and D. All can be included in our daily diet. For some are contained in such every day foods as fruit, vegetables and milk. Drink

your full quota of milk every day in some form or other.

Other foods that contain valuable vitamins of special importance to the teeth are cheese, butter, margarine and eggs. Although rations of these articles are small, they are sufficient to help keep our teeth healthy.

Sugar, in any form, is a big enemy. Sweets, pastries, puddings and so forth should be taken only in limited quantities. There are, however, alternatives for those with a sweet tooth. Such things as dates, grapes, dried fruits and the like can be eaten with impunity.

SOMETHING hard should be included whenever possible, especially for children. Bread, baked hard in the oven, is an easy substitute for rusks. All cereals are excellent too—likewise meat bones. An apple, last thing at night, or at any time for that matter, has the added advantage of helping to clean the teeth.

Believe it or not, sunshine is the most natural form of acquiring vitamin D for the teeth. In the winter use one of its substitutes, a fish-liver oil in tablet or liquid form.

The right kind of brush and the way you brush your teeth can help a lot to keep away tooth decay. Choose a brush with gaps between the rows; when you find the bristles are ragged or broken throw it away at once. Remember also to brush the teeth always from the gums downwards—and use the toothpaste recommended by your dentist.

BRING up your children to regard a visit to the dentist as a treat. Never put off a visit to the dentist. Children should have their first appointment soon after the third birthday; once every holidays is not too often when they reach their teens.

Adults should pay regular visits every six months. For if a tooth has attention in the very early stages, it can often save a lot of pain and expense later on.

Remember that your general health has a tremendous effect on your teeth so keep it at a high level. A dentist will often trace acute toothache to nerves.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.



ONE of the few compensations of winter are the "cosy" things one can do, for instance, tea round the fire. The two essential features are a fire with a glowing heart, where we can make toast titbits, or toast muffins to be eaten piping hot, and a trolley set with small eatables which give no trouble in preparing, or cleaning up.

There should be nothing to do at tea time itself except toasting, and boiling the kettle, or half the attraction of this cosy luxury is lost. Now we must think what will be attractive to put on our plates. A few sandwiches with varied fillings, small cakes and biscuits and last but not least, the muffins. Here, then, are a few ideas for tea-time by the fire:

LITTLE MUFFINS

Ingredients: 1 lb. flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and water; dessertspoonful baking powder; 1 oz. lard; teaspoonful salt; teaspoonful sugar.

Sift dry ingredients together, rub in fat, add milk and knead into soft dough. Roll out very gently to about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Cut out with a small round cutter and bake at once in a very hot oven, Regulo 8 or 500° F., about 10 minutes. Before use split and toast, spread with butter and serve very hot.

CINNAMON TOAST

Make fingers of very soft thick toast, spread thickly with butter and sprinkle over with a mixture of powdered cinnamon and sugar, in the proportion of 1 spoonful of cinnamon to 2 of sugar.

DARKIE KHAKIS

Ingredients: 6 oz. flour; 3 oz. sugar; teaspoonful baking powder; pinch salt; 3 oz. margarine; 2 eggs, reconstituted; a little milk; 1 dessertspoonful cocoa; coffee essence; mock cream for filling.

Cream fat and sugar. Beat in egg. Sift salt and baking powder into flour. Add this and a little milk gradually to creamed mixture till slightly runny. Beat well and divide mixture into two bowls. Flavour one with cocoa, the other with coffee, bake in two shallow, greased baking tins in moderate oven. Regulo 4 or 350° F. When cool, cut one colour in squares of about 2 inches and the other in small, fancy shapes such as diamonds, trefoils or small rounds. Sandwich the squares and fancy shapes together with mock cream.

TIPSY CHERRY CAKES

Ingredients: 3 oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; 8 oz. self-raising flour; teaspoonful baking powder; 1 egg, reconstituted; 2 oz. glace cherries; 3 tablespoonfuls milk; pinch salt.

Filling: 1 oz. margarine; 2 oz. icing sugar; dessertspoonful cooking sherry.

Cream sugar and margarine and beat in egg. Sift baking powder and salt into flour and add cherries, chopped. Mix into creamed mixture with milk, beating well. Fill well greased bun tins, and bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F., about 20 minutes. When cool, cut a small piece out of the top of each and fill hole with a teaspoonful of cream-filling. Place top back, decorate with half a cherry on top of each. To make filling, cream margarine and sugar together. Mix in sherry, a few drops at a time.

MINCEMEAT ROLY-POLYS

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. short pastry; 2 oz. brown sugar or syrup; 2 oz. margarine; 4 oz. currants; 1 oz. mixed peel; a few drops lemon or almond flavouring; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful spice.

Roll pastry out very thinly and cut in pieces about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and 4 in. long. Warm sugar or syrup in pan with margarine, mix in other ingredients. Spread mixture thinly over pastry, not too near edges. Roll up, brush over with milk and seal edge. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 425° F., about 15 minutes.



MINCEMEAT ROLY-POLYS AND TIPSY CHERRY CAKE

RAINBOW JUMBLES

Ingredients: 3 oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; 6 oz. flour; 1 egg, reconstituted; jam, grated orange or lemon rind.

Cream margarine and sugar, add flavouring and beaten egg, work in flour until mixture has the texture of a light dough. Roll into thin sausages, between floured hands, cut off pieces about 4 in. long. Bend in the middle to form a bow and flatten the top a little. Bake in greased tins in moderate oven, Regulo 4, or 350° F about 20 minutes. When cold brush lightly over with lemon curd or jam.

Tea Round
the
Fire



LITTLE MUFFINS

By
Harriet Muir

Pot Roasting and Braising



MANY a good stew has been spoilt through the illusion that braising is more laborious than stewing. And many a small joint has come up tough through roasting instead of cooking it gently in a covered casserole or pot.

These two methods of cooking meat are ideal for much of the present day meat. The frying at the beginning uses very little fat and by sealing in the juices and goodness greatly enhances the flavour. Covered cooking prevents drying and shrinking and economizes fuel. When braising meat, the vegetables should also braise, as meat and vegetables each add to the flavour of the other and give nutriment to the liquor.

MEAT POT ROAST

Melt about 1 oz. of fat in casserole or pot. Put in the meat and brown on both sides. Allow meat to simmer very slowly over a low flame or in a slow oven,

chopped. You will also need herbs, seasoning and water. Fry meat on both sides and vegetables as in pot roasting. Pour fat away and place meat on top of vegetables. Add enough water to cover vegetables. Cover closely and cook gently in slow oven till tender. Baste constantly.

BRAISED VEGETABLES WITH PASTRY

This is a tasty supper dish. Prepare vegetables and braise as with meat. Select as good a variety of vegetables as possible. Haricot beans, previously soaked and cooked make a good addition or a tin of beans. When vegetables are tender, thicken liquor and flavour with beef cube. Serve surrounded with little crescents of rough puff pastry.

BRAISED CHOPS

Trim and beat chops with a wooden spoon. Melt a little fat in pan or casserole and fry chops for a few minutes on both sides. Have ready some vegetables such as sliced onion, 2 diced carrots, 3 or 4 tomatoes cut in quarters and skinned, and a small bunch of herbs, a bay leaf makes a good flavouring. Fry a few minutes in the same fat. Pour away any surplus fat and add enough cold water to nearly cover meat and vegetables. Cover closely and cook very gently over low flame or slow oven for about an hour or until tender. Stir a little gravy browning or a meat cube into liquid and serve on bed of vegetables.

BRAISED LIVER

Wash and slice liver. Dip in seasoned flour. Prepare vegetables such as onions, carrots, celery and a small bunch of herbs or a pinch of dried

herbs. Fry these in a little fat melted in a casserole till golden brown; add liver and brown it gently, also one or two rashers of bacon chopped small. Pour away any fat and add about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of thick brown sauce flavoured with a little tomato ketchup, or, if available, add a wineglassful of cider at the end instead. Cook in slow oven, Regulo 3 or 300° F., for about 45 minutes and serve with a little chopped parsley scattered over.



Regulo 3 or 300° F. Baste constantly to keep it moist. Allow about 20 minutes to the pound and 20 minutes over. About $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water may be added to prevent burning, if necessary.

BRAISED MEAT

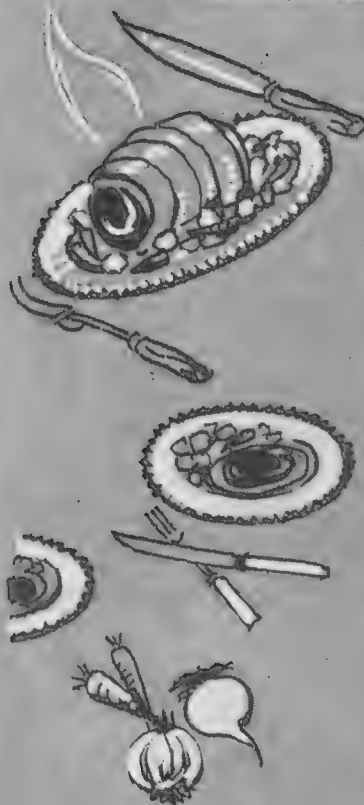
Any small joint can be braised together with any available vegetables such as onion or leeks, carrot, parsnip, celery, tomatoes. These should be cleaned and

Why A Cake Sinks In The Middle

MOST of us have experienced the disappointment of a cake which has gone heavy in the middle although the outer part is light and well cooked. We should be on guard against a number of contributory causes.

One of the commonest nowadays is overdoing baking powder. We often increase the quantity given in a recipe to save an egg, but unless you are experienced in adjusting recipes you may easily make too light a mixture. You must have proportion in everything. The result may be holes in the cake, and most likely its collapse in the middle! This may occur even after the cake is cooked. Again, especially with a sponge

mixture don't be inquisitive and look in the oven till it has done its first rising. Allow it a quarter of an hour undisturbed, or longer with a large cake. The cake also should not be moved till it has risen and set. Many people boast that they never weigh or measure, but unless you have very accurate judgment this is a mistake with a cake or pudding, as too little flour or the wrong proportion of fat and sugar often cause sinking in the middle. A final warning about the heat of the oven. Too slow cooking will often spoil a cake. If the heat is insufficient to bring about even rising or if the heat is too great and burns the outside without quite cooking the middle, your cake is in peril.



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The Wide Guy (Continued from page 12)

The expected message was not in the *Daily Mail* after all next morning. Spike was annoyed. He wanted to get his hands on that two thousand. Though he didn't grudge it, of course, Sheila was costing him quite a bit. The arrival of the frock brought this home to him further. From the squeaks of rapture with which Sheila and Mrs. Loring pointed out to each other its finer nuances, he could see it gave a great deal of pleasure, but it was a hell of a chunk of dough just for a dress.

"And now," Sheila announced suddenly, "I'm going out by myself. Can I have three pounds?"

"Whaffor?" Just when he'd been thinking the kidnapping business was darned expensive, she had to bite his ear again.

"Something very special. I thought of it last night. Oh, Uncle Spike! Please! You said you were taking care of the money angle."

"Yeah, but I didn't mean. . . ." He saw the familiar light of controversial battle in her eye and shied away. She always won, anyway; besides he had to keep her sweet; for there was nothing to prevent her leaving him at any moment.

"O.K.," he growled.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you." She scooped up the notes and was gone.

Spike had not thought to question why she wanted the money. He was, therefore, shocked to the core when she walked in at lunchtime minus her long plaits and with a permanent wave.

He gave a startled yelp.

"They were horrible things," burst out Sheila defensively. "I've begged and prayed Daddy, but he only got furious. Besides, I've done it for your sake."

"For my sake, for God's sake!"

"Yes. That woman last night who nearly spotted me and stared at my hat like anything. . . . And if I'm going out to-night in the lovely frock you darlingsly gave me, I can't wear a hat. . . ." The quick, excited little voice ran smoothly on. Self-justifying yet entirely valid argument swept over Spike like a wave. "And now nobody can suspect," she concluded, shaking her new-born dusky mop winningly. "Besides, don't you like it really? Please, Uncle Spike, say you do!"

Dazed by verbiage, Spike could only shake his head.

"Oh!" That heartbroken cry and sudden welling tears.

"Say, I like it fine," he explained hurriedly. "I mean, you didn't ought to have done it." "Well, it's done," said Sheila complacently, with a quick change of tone.

"Yeah," said Spike, bitterly.

Sheila came close, looked up tremulously. "I'm sorry it made you angry. It won't be long now. Daddy's sure to answer to-morrow."

But there was nothing next morning, which increased the vile temper Spike was in from too much champagne when dancing the night before; for Sheila had insisted on it being "a real party." Whatever else it had been, Spike recalled it had been extremely costly, and after a while he stamped sullenly out to his "club," which was in a Soho back street, for the first time for four days.

Here the wide guy was given a gratifyingly genuine welcome, which restored his self-respect, and on his return he made various suggestions for the afternoon. Sheila, still bilious from over-eating the previous night, received them all with a petulant "I don't want to," and eventually broke down, loudly demanding her father. The thoroughly frightened Spike ended by hiring an expensive car and driving her down to Maidenhead for an even more expensive afternoon and evening. To crown all, next day was Sunday and so no *Daily Mail*.

Sunday was a terrible day. Suddenly convinced that Farlaine's delay in replying was due to the police having a clue, Spike succeeded in keeping Sheila indoors—helped by heavy rain—but had to agree to teach her poker. In the afternoon they played "for real money, please, Uncle Spike." Moodily paying up at the end, Spike was only glad that Cuts Finkstein would never know that a fifteen-year-old girl playing for the first time

had cleaned him out by twice holding fours when he had a full house.

WHEN on Monday there was still nothing, Spike swore for ten minutes. What annoyed him most was that Michael Farlaine was still big news—"Distracted Father Says Show Must Go On"—and was receiving nightly ovations. A reproduction of the picture "Real Pals" was the last straw. He deputed a willing Mrs. Loring to look after Sheila that day—"Take her shopping, pictures, any God's place away from here!"

A period of self-communion at last brought home to Spike that his main worry was really Sheila herself. Not only, he reflected sourly, was she costing him the earth, but he was darned if he knew how to handle her. Any suggestion that did not please evoked that infuriating "I don't want to." Any subsequent protest was at once overwhelmed by quick-fire argument, brittle, plausible and apparently endless—till she had won her point. And her logic was based quite simply on the assumption that what *she* wanted was reasonable, right and the only possible course. Spike, in short, was getting fed-up with her. What she needed was a good clip on the ear. But then she'd be off—and so would two thousand pounds.

Coached by the experienced Mrs. Loring, Sheila returned that evening all sweetness and amiability and, on Spike confessing his worry about not hearing, said surprisingly:

"Well, why don't you ring up Daddy?"

"Wazzat? Ring him up?"

"A public box would be quite safe. You'd catch him now in his dressing-room before he goes on."

A suddenly grateful Spike realized that once again this smart child had got something. Within ten minutes he was in a near-by telephone booth.

"Mr. Farlaine?" he began toughly. "Get this! I'm the guy that's holding your daughter. Why didn't. . . ."

The pleasantly resonant voice at the other end vibrated emotionally.

"What? You are the man who has dared. . . ."

"Why didn't you put that piece in the paper?"

"Barter for my only daughter in the daily Press? Bah! But what have I ever done to harm you? What have I. . . ."

"You've got dough and I've got your daughter." Spike was in his element. "Do we deal, big boy?"

"Needs must. I am, it seems, to be crucified. My adored little girl is more to me than. . . ." The voice suddenly changed from that of distracted father to business man. "But you want to discuss the matter. Very well. I will be at the Achilles statue at eleven to-morrow." Then with another change of tone: "I shall wear a beard, I think. You want secrecy, and I am but too well known. You may recognize me by a white buttonhole. Good evening!"

Spike was left stupidly holding the receiver. He hadn't expected a conversation on those lines. Retailing it to Sheila he voiced a suspicion that the meeting might be a trap. Sheila was highly indignant. "Daddy'd never think of twisting. Why, he'd risk never getting me back."

The thought appalled Spike.

His departure next morning was marked by a bitter argument with Sheila, who was determined to come and watch from a distance: "Oh, Uncle Spike! Please!" In the end he bribed her with five pounds which she wanted "to get something very special as a surprise."

Spike had been at the rendezvous some while before a bearded old beggar with a faded flower in his lapel, who had twice pestered him, finally addressed him in the resonant voice of Michael Farlaine as "Mr. Kidnapper, I presume?" and for the next five minutes seemed disinclined to discuss anything but the success of his disguise, "based on a part I once played on tour." However, he came down to earth at last.

"You seriously mean you want two thousand pounds to (Continued on page 51)



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return my daughter?" said Farlaine. "You're on. It's an old-time snatch, see!" "To tell you the truth, I haven't got it." "But you're a famous—"

"I know." An airy gesture and a deprecatory cough. "But fame, alas, is not always adequately recognized—in cash. Occasionally too I have flops. And I also back plays, sometimes ill-advisedly."

Spike realized that Cuts Finkstein had been poorly informed about famous actors. He'd have to talk terms. "Fifteen hundred, then?" "Even that... alas! Why at the moment I'm trying to raise money for a new show."

Spike drew a deep breath. "Lookit, I'm human. Gimme a thousand to-morrow and I'll let the kid go."

Michael Farlaine's eloquent voice suddenly became charged with emotion. "To have my beloved darling home again there's nothing in the world..." He broke off briskly. "But it's like this, old man. I'm backing the Cosmos show myself and—did you see it, by the way?" Spike nodded. "Good! What did you think of my performance? *The Times* critic said—"

"Keep to money!" snapped Spike.

"Well, business has picked up wonderfully after a poor start. We're packing 'em in. The human touch, you see. Night after night I conceal my private sorrow. The ovations are... However, the real point is, I'm negotiating to sell the film rights."

"Does that mean that thousand?" asked Spike, out of his depth.

"Quite possibly... but you must keep Sheila a little longer."

"Wazzat?"

"My dear fellow, my publicity manager is handling it beautifully. In another week—"

"A week!" Spike shouted. "Say, listen!"

He checked himself. "Hey, what can you raise right away?" He was disgusted to find a note almost of pleading in his voice.

"I must think it over." Farlaine moved away. "Same time to-morrow here."

"But—"

"I may try another disguise. Remember though! A white buttonhole." And all at once a decrepit old beggar was ambling rapidly away.

Spike stormed back to the flat. "He's pretending he hasn't got any money," he burst out at Sheila in the hall. "Wouldn't he even offer—"

"But, Uncle Spike, the poor darling never has. He makes a lot but spends it all backing shows. And of course"—her voice was primly unctuous—"he's still paying alimony to his first wife—"

"But you—you've been acting as if two thousand—"

"Of course. I wanted to be kidnapped. And I've had a lovely time, darling Uncle Spike."

A lovely time! Darling Uncle Spike! He remembered the money he'd spent on this hateful child, the selfish, self-satisfied, self-righteous little... A strange noise came from the sitting-room. He flung the door open—to disclose a small black Scottie-pup.

"What in hell...?"

"Isn't he sweet? I said that five pounds was for a special surprise. I've always wanted a puppy and Daddy—"

"And Daddy won't let me!" mimicked Spike. "But I'm the poor..." The puppy frisked up and he removed it definitely with his foot.

"Oh, Uncle Spike, don't! You must love him!"

"Love him, hell! I won't have that rat here. Why look at..." Words failed him;

The Wide Guy

for the puppy had suddenly commented pointedly on the lamp-post shortage.

"He can't help it. He's only a baby."

"You take that goddam pooch back..."

Sheila stamped mutinously. "I won't take Tartan back. I won't, I won't, I won't."

Furious, Spike lifted his hand. Perhaps after all a clip on the ear...

"Go on then, hit me!" She stood there defiant, frightened, half-crying. "I'll tell everyone you beat me every day."

"You goddam little liar!" gasped Spike, dropping his hand.

"Well, at any rate you promised you wouldn't harm a hair of my head. And you've done that. Where are my lovely plaits? Daddy will be furious."

"You had 'em cut off yourself."

"I'll tell everyone you made me do it. I did it to save you being caught and that's the same thing." Affected by the highly charged atmosphere, the puppy here started to yap. She swept it up in her arms. "Tartan darling, I won't send you back. He's cruel." She burst into tears and ran out.

"Well, of all the..." Spike met Mrs. Loring's accusing gaze from the doorway. "What's eating you?"

"Mr. Spike Denton! Isn't it enough to take the poor girlie from her home without..."

It was the last straw.

This frightful child had even won over Mrs. Loring. A few minutes ago Spike had been about to clip Sheila on the ear. Well, that clip was still on the market. He moved upon Mrs. Loring, who gave a squeak and bolted...

At the Achilles statue next morning a soldierly looking figure with a clipped moustache, an umbrella and a white carnation introduced himself as "Colonel Arbuthnot, sir, late of The Buffs," adding: "I played the part in *Fool's Paradise* at the Thespian last year. Nice make-up, eh?"

Spike was unimpressed. "How about that money?" he growled.

"I've discussed it with Trollope, my publicity manager," said

the other airily, "and he's horrified at the idea of her returning at once. You see, he's building it. To-morrow he's having Sheila reported seen at Dover—possible smuggling over to the Continent or South American angle, see—grand stuff! Trollope's never had such a break... Care to know what we played to last night?"

"All I want to know is what I get for returning your daughter."

"After a week?"

"A week, hell! Right now. Or else I—I turn her out on the streets."

Michael Farlaine seemed blissfully unaware that this was intended as a terrible threat.

"My dear man, she'd come straight home and where'd your ransom be then?" Spike was silent: it dawned on him with horror for the first time that he was fighting a losing battle. "But I'll pay something if you'll keep her the week."

"What sort of a—loving father are you?" he burst out. "Real pals! Nuts!"

"Real pals? Oh, that Press photo! Terrific, wasn't it? The very essence of mutual adoration. You'd never guess we'd had a flaming row ten minutes before. She wanted to buy a puppy and I was adamant—don't you agree?" Spike gulped. "No, that was another row, I remember. This time it was wanting to cut her hair off. I will not have those charming... (Continued on page 52)

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plaits touched." Spike gulped again, his discomfiture increasing as the other went on: "I was relieved, by the way, at your specific promise not to harm a hair of her head."

Spike came to a decision. The whole thing was just too big for him. "Mr. Farlaine, I—I think you'd better have Sheila back right away. Forget the money! I gotta change of heart. I realize you can't bear to be without her and. . ."

"My dear fellow, I can bear it very well. I've had an extraordinarily pleasant week without that infernal kid around."

"Wazzat?"

"We're madly fond of each other, of course, but she wears one down. All that 'I don't want to'; all that argument; all that 'Oh, Daddy! Please!' I could easily do with another week's peace."

"What about me? I damwell won't have her. She's costing me the earth," he added incautiously.

"Ah! Then she's not—er—incarcerated against her—"

"Nope."

"Then you can sympathize with me. You've—er—had some. Won't you keep her just a—"

"She's going back as soon as I get to a telephone." He started to move; then a thought struck him. "Say, you know she's a bit of a liar?" he began uneasily.

"So was her mother, bless her."

"Then you won't believe anything she says about—about my making her cut her hair off?"

Michael Farlaine stiffened. "What? You've actually let her—"

"I didn't let her," pleaded Spike, thoroughly demoralized. "She just did it. She looks very cute, though."

"Cute! Bah! Those plaits are a police matter. It's assault."

"Aw, have a heart! You're getting her back without paying a penny."

"My little girl!" murmured the actor brokenly. "Shaven and shorn like a. . . ." He became suddenly a strong man controlling his emotion. "But I must face it bravely."

"Honest, she looks great. Got a beautiful perm. You can't go to the police about a thing like that."

The Wide Guy

The other considered. "Perhaps not. I have many other worries—raising capital for my new play and so on. By the way, are you interested in the theatre?" As Spike just looked dazed, he went on: "In putting money in the theatre I mean? This new play of mine. Several friends are putting up a hundred each. *Dust of Desire*. I play the part of an English adventurer who. . . ." His voice ran on smoothly, egotistically.

Spike simply couldn't make him out. All swept up now in money for his play, and yet a moment ago talking about Sheila's plaits and the police. Then he had a real inspiration.

"Say, if nothing's said about Sheila's hair—maybe I'd be interested."

"The second act curtain is—what? My dear fellow! You would like to come in for a hundred? Certainly. Have you—ah, I see you travel prepared." For Spike was already peeling off pound notes.

"This is great of you. I'm sure we'll have a big success. Never mind about Sheila's hair. At least I shan't have that eternal argument any more. Send her along right away, will you. With all her luggage," he added, apparently with parental intuition. "Thanks for the peaceful week."

Next minute, with a final, "Good day to you, sir. Always glad to meet old friends from Poonah," he was striding away, every inch the retired colonel.

Spike galloped to the nearest phone. Mrs. Loring was instructed to send Sheila home at once. "And ring me at my club when she's gone. Dog and all," he added, brightening. Michael Farlaine could have that darned pooch and like it.

A saddened Spike spent the time till the welcome news came through counting up what the venture had cost him. He was appalled. And once he had thought he was going to make two thousand. Returning from the phone he met Cuts Finkstein, and in a minute was deep in converse on the subject of forged "E" petrol coupons. Spike had decided that the new rackets were after all best. Sort of simpler. And it was pleasant to hear himself at any rate called a wide guy: it helped him to believe it again himself.

END

Man Into Superman (Continued from page 13)

years, cut more than six seconds off the mile running time: a matter of a resilient track made of heavy cinders under clay with fine cinders making a billiard-table surface.

Very few men can extract pleasure from running a mile in 4.20 or even 5 minutes flat. But scores of thousands can and do, by sliding and skimming down and around ice-slopes at speeds of fifty miles an hour and better. It seems impossible to devise a ski to increase speed; but in Norway last summer I met a ski-maker who has been working and experimenting for years on the problem of making the dangerous "cristi" turn faster and safer.

But that's mild compared to the Norwegian engineer who took me up in the electric railway to the pine heights behind Oslo and showed me the great ski jump, the world's highest, where this winter they're hoping to set up new world records. He, too, had his dreams. He thinks it possible to design a sort of springboard jump which would boost a ski-jumper as a springboard boosts a diver. He sketched it on a paper napkin as we lunched. It would need a series of "electric eyes," electronic switches, between starting point and take-off, to ensure exactly right timing for the elaborate boosting mechanism of the take-off stage to operate, the time each individual jumper takes to reach the take-off varying by two seconds to a fraction of a second.

He envisaged a jump so high and far that it would approach even more closely to human flight than ski-jumping does now. So the jumper would need more than his unaided flapping arms to steady himself, soaring. He had accordingly worked on that angle. He was experimenting with pieces of equipment

which, as sketched, looked to me as though the jumper might resemble a small glider, with a rudder down his spine and arms transformed into narrow flexible wings.

What could a man get out of that besides the thrill of risking his neck? At a guess, the soaring ecstasy of bird flight.

Nature gives man an eye which she thinks good enough. Man, disagreeing, proceeded to invent telescope and microscope. Soon, on hill walks and mountain trails and fjord cruises, you will encounter people with stalk eyes. With these eyes they can see detail where you can see only a mass, an outline, or a blur. In a town they can adjust their long-range eyes to window-shop from across a wide street, checking on price-tags and studying fine patterning. Their stalk-eyes are spectacles with adjustable binocular lenses. It gives one a queer sensation to stalk around equipped with such eyes. These too were first devised for war: a scout needs hands free for his gun while advancing and scanning far country for signs of enemy movement.

There's a radio-ear in the making, a tiny plug-in apparatus like a deaf device, which will pick-up special wave-length radio. And I have seen the theoretical drawings for a magic ear intended to enable a man to catch sound vibrations beyond the range of the unaided human ear. The tones of musical instruments range forty to 4,700 vibrations a second. Beyond 4,750, all you hear is an intolerable shrill noise. But that's only because the mechanism of outer, middle and inner ear can't cope with sound vibrations of that speed. If the auditory nerve fibres of the complex inner ear could be stimulated to cope, the shrillness (Continued on page 54)



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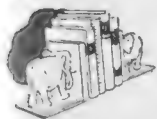
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might mellow to a note of unearthly sweetness, and a whole new world of musical sounds hitherto unimagined would open.

In time, long long time, these insatiable scientists may even be able to provide us all with the sixth sense which a serious scientific school, the extra sensory perceptionists, vows is latent in most people now—you just have to know how to waken it, develop, and use it. Then gambling will lose

Crisis Over Smoke

(Continued from page 25)

introduced it, Raleigh, Hawkins, or one of their sailor companions, within a few years the soothing herb from the New World was giving pleasure to many pipe smokers—or "tobacco drinkers" as they called them then. By the end of the sixteenth century it was clear that it had come to stay. Big plantations were started in Virginia, Bristol boomed with the new trade, and enterprising smugglers began to do well too, for French, Flemish and British tobacco-running ships were soon unloading their cargoes of contraband on lonely reaches of the Cornish coast.

Of course, tobacco had its detractors, even in those days. James I hated it and did everything he could to discourage its use. In 1604 he issued a *Counterblaste to Tobacco*, in which he called smoking "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." But his tirade did little to lessen the number of addicts; new tobacco shops opened everywhere, and the English—men, women and even children—went on enjoying their long clay pipes at home, at

the bearpit and the theatre, unworried by the royal displeasure.

But 150 years later smoking really did suffer an eclipse. In the reign of George III some curious change in taste caused people of fashion to give it up. Earlier in the century "Beau" Nash had banned it from the public rooms in Bath, but now in smart London circles it was definitely "out," and snuff-taking replaced it. Not until after the Crimean War did it return to favour.

Since then tobacco consumption has increased by leaps and bounds, with the cigarette steadily gaining on the pipe. But now that lack of dollars prohibits the good Virginian leaf, cigarette smokers at least will have to cut down their smoking or look elsewhere for their tobacco. Already some of them are not having to look very far, for there are more than 1,000,000 smokers growing their tobacco in their own backyards and allotments. Bacon said "English tobacco hath small credit as being too dull and earthy," but that was a good many years ago. And, anyway, think of the saving; for home-grown tobacco (not intended for sale) is free of excise duty.

END

Celestial Hot Spot

(Continued from page 16)

yes; but when you look at the inside works, what a lively museum it can be!

"Things are allowed in Macao that are forbidden in other places, so people rush there as they do to Reno, Nevada," is how a returned American put it. True, but not sufficient explanation, no more than it is, calling Macao a "Lotus Land" and a "Nirvana." Two solid factors need to be taken into account: Macao has cashed in on the decline of Shanghai and Hongkong as hubs of white "relaxation," and Macao is a unique outpost where the controls and the thou-shalt-nots of the however mighty of the universe simply do not run.

Macao may be a little bit of celestial all-wrong but that doesn't stop Hongkongites being prime supporters of the most flagrant of Macao's peccadillos—as a "Monte Carlo" of the Far East.

Gambling week-ends there are much in fashion, when elegant *nouveaux riches* from Hongkong may be seen at fan-tan tables alongside old peasant women from the country, dirty and tattered but often staking higher than their new-rich neighbours. The bulk of the customers are Chinese. Their Government has come down heavily on gambling as a ruinous national vice, but at Macao the sky's the limit with fan-tan and mah-jong. The latter must be played behind closed doors, but fan-tan is wide open.

Next attraction: opium smoking.

Until lately the visitor could be sure of a pipe in a certain hotel or some other high-class place. But the Portuguese are now making a show of standing by China in her new war on the drug. In spite of this, a good part of Macao still smells of opium smoke.

Opium figures spectacularly in another branch of Macao's lively come-back, which is smuggling.

Freak, midget states and territories always are good for smuggling, but you only have to glance at the map to see what a piece of cake it is for Macao with its maze of waterways. The smugglers use so-called "snake boats," long narrow craft, rather like dug-out canoes, which sneak along at night close to the shore. They also use fine fast motor junks which

may be better armoured and possessed of heavier fire-power than the Customs patrol launches, usually commanded by young British ex-R.N.V.R. officers.

Macao's next little fantasy or bid for fortune has caused it to be dubbed "the Eldorado of Asia."

By a freak turn connected with U.N.O., Macao has become the world's leading gold import market. The nose-dive of the Chinese dollar has sent well-to-do Chinese helter-skelter after gold. All transactions in gold bullion are forbidden, causing the bribes payable to officials by gold dealers to rise vertically. And that's where Macao came in to relieve matters.

Not being a member of U.N., Portugal is not bound by the ruling which seeks to prevent dealings in gold at more than thirty-five U.S. dollars an ounce. But there is still a lot of gold to be had around forty dollars in the free market and Macao goes after it in up-to-the-minute style by flying boat. A Catalina makes regular round trips to Manila, Bangkok, Rangoon, Calcutta, and anywhere else that is signalled.

Upwards of 3,000,000 ounces should be collected this year, no great shakes in the world's transactions, but a huge amount for a tiny colony. All the gold is sent on to China, and even when allowance is made for fat "presents" to officials, pickings remain dizzy—as how should they not, with gold bought in Manila at forty dollars an ounce, saleable in Shanghai at eighty?

Macao has never been held up as an "infringement of Chinese sovereignty," as Hongkong constantly is, and in yituperative tones. Local Britons link Macao's immunity with the indirect protection afforded by Hongkong. They predict that if the latter is handed over to the Chinese Nationalists, Macao will follow the same path. The Portuguese don't think so, but are calmly confident of being able to play a lone hand.

And so we leave this celestial hot spot—incidentally, the oldest Christian colony in the Far East—musing what may be the next shock it will administer in this modern age.

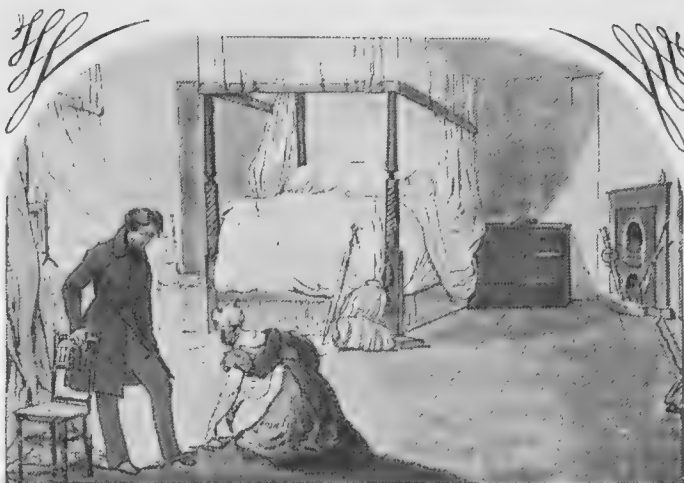
END

Man Into Superman

its thrill, for we shall know beforehand how the cards, the dice, the roulette wheel, will fall, and which horse's nose will pass the winning post first. We may even be able to foretell the main events of our lives, and the time and manner of our departure.

If anyone really wants to know beyond all doubt. It's questionable.

END



A bedroom at an Inn
from a coloured engraving in
Eugene Lami's 'Voyage in Angleterre', 1830

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Only one doubt remained in Jocelyn's mind. "This Pritzi fellow—he'll clear out when his job's done?"

"I get you. You don't want to turn out the culture and let in the tiger. He'll go. Doesn't get the balance of his money otherwise." Jocelyn fumbled for his cheque-book.

TO say that Anton Pritzi arrived at Red House would be an understatement. He stormed it. Stormed it with a bewildering blend of charm and insolence. When the fluttering Dulcie received him he stared at her for so long that she became uncomfortable. Then, just as she was deciding that, Comtesse or no Comtesse, he was a horrible man, he enchanted her by giving a low bow, by taking her hand and gently sowing a kiss upon it.

"Forgive me," he said. "For a moment I am taken back to Vienna, swept back in time. The way you hold yourself, the way you wear your clothes, that indefinable something which surrounds you like a soft perfume—they all remind me of Mitzi Halla. She was the toast of all Vienna. Men blew out their brains because she had not smiled at them."

Dulcie cooed like a dove: "You must tell me all about Vienna. And about this Mitzi Halla."

"It will be like telling you about yourself," he said.

Jocelyn, at the top of the stairs, gave a smile of satisfaction and went back to his den humming. Like Dulcie, he was very favourably impressed by Anton Pritzi's arrival. But he was far too shrewd to regard it as a portent of victory. The clash between the two tenors was yet to come.

He saw nothing of either of the singers until dinner, and it proved to be an uncomfortable meal, for Camacho and Pritzi looked at one another about as amiably as a wild cat and a bull terrier. Dulcie did her best to chatter amiably and each man in turn side-stepped from hostility to charm. Jocelyn suspected that Dulcie found the situation flattering, and as soon as he was alone with her, she confirmed this by saying:

"Aren't they just like spoilt boys? So terribly jealous. As if there isn't plenty of room in the world for two tenors!"

"I suppose one of them's a better singer than the other," he ventured.

Dulcie looked worried. "I'm beginning to wonder," she said very thoughtfully, "whether poor Miguel's been applying himself to his singing as much as he should."

Jocelyn managed to look surprised.

"I thought you were very satisfied," he said. "After all, there's the concert. By the way, I saw some people in town about that. Take a few days, maybe."

Dulcie's attention seemed to wander a little. "There's no desperate hurry," she said. "I mean—not for a week or so. And we must be sure that poor Miguel's at his best. I'm afraid he isn't at the moment. You know, Anton heard him and pulled such a face. Then he said the most surprising thing. 'So generous of you, dear lady,' he said, 'to help those who are learning to train the voice.' Learning, Jocelyn! And he hadn't met Miguel then, so personal dislike couldn't have entered into it—could it?"

"Of course not, my dear," said Jocelyn. He gave a slightly forced laugh. "That would be too absurd!" Then he paused. "I suppose your Anton Pritzi is a really great singer?"

"That delightful Comtesse who telephoned me assured me that he was a sensation in Paris. Incidentally, darling, we must invite the Comtesse."

"Do you think our place is quite good enough? I mean—I expect, being a lady of title, that she's accustomed to keeping very much in her own circle. Though, of course, Anton Pritzi would make it possible. Make it easy." Jocelyn felt a delight in his duplicity. Those diamonds were going to stay in the house. He could see that already.

"As a matter of fact," Dulcie confessed, "I did venture to drop a hint and she was most charming about it. She couldn't come at the moment because some friends have invited her to accompany them on a yachting trip to Norwegian waters. But she did say that when she returned she'd like to call on me."

"Very nice, too," said Jocelyn. "Of course, if you find that you don't like this Anton Pritzi you can always finish the matter, can't you?"

Dulcie stared at him. "You're so very stupid at times," she said witheringly. "Why should I dislike Anton? He says such sweet, unexpected things, and there's something exciting about him. Stimulating, almost. Such a change after poor, melancholy Miguel. There are times when he's a bit of a strain, you know. He can be rather exhausting."

"He can," Jocelyn murmured.

THE crisis came with unexpected swiftness. And like many a flare-up, personal or international, it was brought about by a trifle—a disagreement which could so easily have been solved by common sense. Except of course that one of the parties concerned wanted trouble.

Both Anton and Miguel required the use of the piano at the same moment. And neither would give way. From the landing, Jocelyn listened and came near to hugging himself with glee. His enjoyment increased when Dulcie became involved. In spite of all her efforts, or because of them, the wordy battle increased in fury. It reached a climax with Anton challenging Miguel to a duel, and Dulcie going into hysterics.

Feeling very well content, Jocelyn went back to his room. The noise below gradually died away.

It was a full hour before there were any noises again, and they were so spasmodic that Jocelyn became curious.

A tap at the door startled him. He was more surprised still when Anton Pritzi came in, closed the door behind him and crossed the room on tip-toe.

"From your smile," said Jocelyn, "I'd imagine you've won."

"That impostor from Latin America has gone," Pritzi announced.

"He's gone?"

"Yes. Partly in a rage; partly because in the blindness of his anger he struck out at me and hit your wife. No, she is not hurt. She will not like to take her eye outside for a little, that is all. I hope you will not hold that black eye against me—it was not my fault."

Jocelyn smiled.

"It'll teach her a lesson," he said with grim satisfaction. "You've done splendidly. Look—to express my appreciation of your masterly handling of the situation, I'll add another twenty guineas to my cheque."

"That's very generous of you."

Jocelyn hesitated. "If I give it you now—you can think out a plausible excuse for leaving the house, can't you?"

Anton hesitated, and Jocelyn became anxious.

"Just a slight difficulty," said Anton. "Mr. Piper," he added suggestively, "paid me in cash."

Jocelyn was not surprised. He nodded his head. "I think I can manage that," he said. "Just wait a minute."

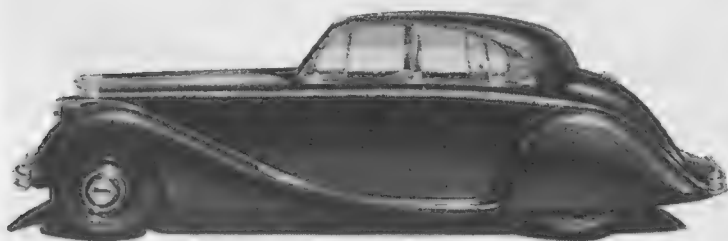
Going across the landing, he looked inside the room which Miguel Camacho had occupied. It was in confusion, with the clothes dragged from the bed, and every evidence of hasty packing. Smiling contentedly, he went over to the bedroom, where there was a wall safe. It was, he noticed, unfastened. Dulcie was very careless sometimes. He made a mental note that he must speak to her about it. Then he withdrew the bundle of notes which he'd drawn specially from the bank. He'd thought that if Pritzi showed signs of flagging, the sight of them would provide an incentive.

Returning to the den he handed over the money, which Pritzi *(Continued on page 58)*

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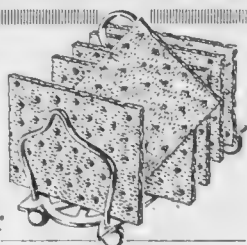


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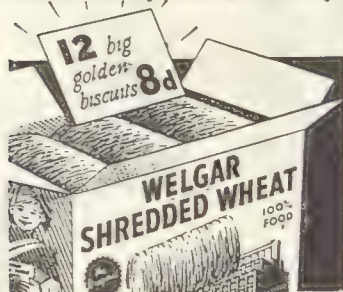


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received with the gracious air of a man accepting merited reward.

"It's understood, though, that you leave as soon as possible," Jocelyn said warily.

"I leave to-night. I am delighted to have been of service to you. There was personal pleasure in it, I admit. I have little patience with impostors."

Anton Pritzi kept his word. He left that night. Jocelyn was already asleep and knew nothing about it. He overslept, and awakened eventually with an uneasy feeling that something was wrong. The house was in a turmoil. At least a hundred people seemed to be running up and down the stairs. He slipped out of bed, and into his dressing gown. But before he could reach the landing to investigate, Dulcie came into the room. She gave him a far from friendly look.

"You always were selfish!" she cried. "Just like you to lie there sleeping. I might have been murdered for all you knew or cared. As it is—I've been robbed. My diamonds, have gone—and that deceitful Anton Pritzi has disappeared."

Jocelyn stared at her. "You've been robbed! The diamonds!"

"Yes—and only last night I was showing them to that wretch Anton Pritzi!"

"Didn't you put them back into the safe?"

"No—you'd taken it into your head to go to bed. And you're so ill-tempered when you're roused. I put them in the bureau in

Tenors Are Treacherous

the library. During the night, the lock was forced—and now they've gone!"

Jocelyn felt suddenly very old and very ill.

"The diamonds," he muttered.

"You'd better spruce yourself up as quickly as you can. It's lucky—as you were not around—that I'm capable of dealing with an emergency. I've called the police and there are two detectives downstairs in the library."

Jocelyn did not seem to see her. He walked straight past her without a word, out on to the landing, and slowly down the stairs. Outside the library he took a deep breath and walked in.

There were two men there. One was tall and angular, the other short and rather plump. They looked up with mingled impatience and surprise.

"We're police officers," said one.

"If you're a guest in the house," said the other, "this isn't the bathroom."

"I am Jocelyn Bundle. Gentlemen, I have a confession to make: My wife has always been a very impressionable woman, an easy prey to charlatans. I knew what would happen if she had diamonds—and so, when I gave her some for a present, I gave her ones which were paste." And closing his eyes, Jocelyn held out his hands, as though in readiness for handcuffs.

END

King Town *(Continued from page 20)*

to stay near by with friends at Loseley, a beautiful mansion the grounds of which form one of Surrey's finest parks.

To pinpoint Guildford's attractions for royal visitors is an easy matter. They came drawn by its beauty, its nearness to London, its position on the direct route to Winchester, the capital. They stayed in the castle in its heyday, but latterly so age-worn that a startling proposal was once made to replace the old central ruin with a bandstand in blue and gold. The corporation, which owns the castle, answered by preserving the ruins and laying out the honoured acres about it as a public recreation ground, most attractively maintained.

No other town in the land, I believe, can lay claim to such a brilliant succession of royal visits—and repeats. The sequence began long before the place was named Guildford. It seems it was called Astolat at the same time that Winchester was Camelot. Then, for reasons known only to those who did it, the name was altered to Gil (the original name for the Wey) and the ford over the river. Alfred the Great bequeathed the town to his nephew Ethelred, after which all the Anglo-Saxon kings in succession visited it. The last of them made it the seat of the Royal Mint.

The natural route for the old tin-traders lay along the coast-to-coast chalk ridge beside the impenetrable Weald. This was the Ancient Way. In the late twelfth century the Way became a road for pilgrims, and the first monarch to use it was Henry II, who made a

pilgrimage, barefooted all the way, it's said, to the tomb of his victim Becket at Canterbury. That was in 1174. By 1186 Henry must have considered his crime more or less expiated, for in that year he sneaked back to Guildford for a big Christmas party. Stephen and Matilda, Edward II and III all stayed at the castle, but by the time Henry VI turned up with his family, the noble old place was in need of extensive repairs, so they put up at the guest house of the Dominican friary, where to-day less famously functions the Friary Brewery.

Henry VII came, and his muchwifed son, who later signed at the parsonage house of St. Nicholas one of his deeds dissolving monastic houses, a fate which befell the friary itself in 1538. Charles I and II were both feasted and fêted in the town. Came also James I; aldermen still appear in the royal scarlet, a privilege granted them by the second James. Fifteen years after Queen Anne's visit in 1703 Sam Pepys made the last of his many calls, staying at the "Red Lion."

Two more kingly callers—Henry III, so attracted to the town that he granted it its own borough magistrates, and paid his beloved Astolat over one hundred visits. And John, his gadabout father. Some of his nineteen visits were unquiet wanderings about what now makes up the town's broad, well-favoured rural district. One of his discoveries was Shere (Essira, in Domesday), reputedly Surrey's prettiest village.

END

They Were Never Heard Of Again

(Continued from page 29)

for it meant "No hope." Bound from South Australia for the United Kingdom, with a full cargo of wheat, nothing more was heard of her after she reported her position 500 miles off the coast of New Zealand; and her passing in mysterious circumstances reminded shipping men of the case of the other cadet ship, *Kobenhavn*, last of the world-famous five-masted barques, which sailed from Buenos Aires on December 14, 1928, for Melbourne.

Aboard were forty-five young Danish cadets, and a crew of fifteen; her course lay across the Southern Ocean, through the Roaring Forties . . . and, for 120 days, no word was heard from her. Then—the reinsurance rate soared to ninety per cent. A British ship, s.s. *Halesius*, calling at Tristan da Cunha, reported subsequently that the islanders of Tristan had seen a vessel with five masts, had in fact watched her drift offshore

for three memorable hours. Only a jib was set . . . and not a sign of life could be seen aboard; no wreckage was found, but seven skeletons found on desolate sand dunes along the West African coast, lying beside the rotted remnants of a lifeboat provided perhaps the only clue to the fate of the cadets and their stately windship. Pieces of blue cloth showed that the men had been sailors.

Flashed across the Atlantic on March 18, 1938, went a radio report: "All well. Rough weather."—And these were the last words ever "spoken" by the 5,452-ton steamship *Anglo-Australian*, in ballast bound from Cardiff for Vancouver, British Columbia.

How she met her fate was never known; and many another ocean mystery cannot be solved. Maybe, they all come in the category of the *Schomberg*, a sailing vessel "of strange and evil dooms." She, too, vanished. . . .

END

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CHRISTMAS WAITS

*and so must
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The **CRAWFORD
TARTAN SHORTBREAD**

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH, LIVERPOOL & LONDON

White For A Black Suit (Continued from page 36)

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 26, k. 2 tog., k. 44 (work 5 rows).

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 24, k. 2 tog., k. 44 (work 5 rows).

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 22, k. 2 tog., k. 44 (work 5 rows), end p. row.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 13 sts., k. 30, k. 2 tog., k. 20, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next 5 rows. Cast off remainder.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 14 needles, cast on 90 sts. **1st row**.—K. 1, p. 19, (this forms border), * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end, k. last st. **2nd row**.—Work in rib as before (twisting k. sts.) to last 20 sts., k. 20. Rep. these 2 rows for 48 rows. End k. row. Inc. to 96 sts. on next row; k. 1, p. 19, inc. 1 st. in the 7th st. and every following 11th st., rib last 8 sts. Change to No. 8 needles. **1st row**.—K. 50, start lace patt., k. 2, w.f.d., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, k. 7, k. 2 tog., k. 2, w.r.n., p. 1, k. 2, w.f.d., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 25. **2nd row**.—K. 1, p. 24, patt., p. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 1, w.r.n., p. 2, p. 2 tog., p. 6, k. 1, p. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. to end, k. last st. **3rd row**.—K. 50, patt., k. 2, w.f.d., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, k. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 2, w.f.d., k. 2, p. 1, k. 2, w.f.d., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 25. **4th row**.—K. 1, p. 24, patt., p. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 3, w.r.n., p. 2, p. 2 tog., p. 4, k. 1, p. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. to end, k. last st. **5th row**.—K. 50, patt., k. 2, w.f.d., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., k. 2, w.f.d., k. 4, p. 1, k. 2, w.f.d., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 25. **6th row**.—K. 1, p. 24, patt., p. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 5, w.r.n., p. 2, p. 2 tog., p. 2, k. 1, p. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. to end, k. last st. **7th row**.—K. 50, patt., k. 2, w.f.d., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, w.f.d., k. 6, p. 1, k. 2, w.f.d., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 25. **8th row**.—K. 1, p. 24, patt., p. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 7, w.r.n., p. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. to end, k. last st.

This completes the patt. Continue patt. as described, inc. 1 st. at beg. of next row and every following 8th row until there are 105 sts. and work measures same as back. End with p. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 6 'sts., then 4 sts., then 3 sts., then 2 sts. at beg. of each row at armhole edge. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 3 rows at same edge. Work 7 rows without dec. End with p. row. Dec. to 70 sts. on next

row as follows: k. 1, * k. 2 tog. *; rep. from * to * 16 times; k. 7 before starting patt. Continue without shaping until there are 46 rows from underarm. End with a k. row.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 21 sts. purlwise at beg. of next row, then 4 sts. at beg. of next row at this edge, then 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows at same edge. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row at neck edge until there are 39 sts. Work without further shaping until shoulder measures 66 rows. End with p. row.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next 3 rows at arm edge.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 14 needles cast on 90 sts., k. 1, * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to last 20 sts., p. 19, k. 1. **2nd row**.—K. 20, * p. 1, k. 1, (twist k. sts. as before); rep. from * to end. Work 48 rows., inc. to 96 sts. (on wrong side) as follows: inc. in the 8th st. and every following 11th st. of the ribbing, rib 7, p. 19, k. 1. Change to No. 8 needles and work as follows: k. 25, begin patt. as already described and work to correspond to left front.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 14 needles cast on 100 sts. Work in rib as for welts for 1 in. Inc. to 110 sts. on wrong side of work as follows: Inc. into 5th st. and every following 10th st. Change to No. 8 needles and work in st.st. for 31 rows. Shape top. Right side facing, cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row until 90 sts. remain. Work 2 rows without dec. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows. Rep. these 4 rows until 80 sts. remain. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row until there are 58 sts. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows; cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

TIE

With No. 14 needles cast on 14 sts. and work 37 ins. in rib to match welt; twisting all k. sts. except first and last (both sides).

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece lightly on wrong side under a damp cloth with a fairly hot iron. Fold the front borders in half to the inside and sew loosely. Sew buttons to right side and snaps to both. Sew up side shoulder and sleeve seams. Draw up fullness at top of sleeve and sew into armholes. Sew tie to neck. Tack in shoulder pads.

END

Black For A Dressy Blouse

(continued from page 36)

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows, k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 103 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 71 sts. Work as for the back until the armhole shaping (12 ins.).

SHAPE ARMHOLES (wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows, k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 57 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row, until 37 sts. remain, then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front with shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles cast on 80 sts. Rib

END

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Treatment of an existing Cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold, this often clears up the attack in 3 or 4 days.

When a cold is firmly established, quick results cannot be expected but Seroalcin is very effective in shortening the duration of stubborn colds. Seroalcin is suitable for adults and children.

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FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS

moved to a dressing-table, peered closely at his reflection in the triple mirror, pulled down with a long, sensitive, cardsharp's forefinger the lower lid of each eye. Further to check this scrutiny, he picked up an ivory-backed hand-mirror.

He stood stockstill, in sudden rigour.

Clausel's opera-glasses brought the mirror close. Scrawled as though with lipstick across the glass was a single word:

ASSASSIN

Vesper glanced quickly, almost furtively, over each shoulder in turn. Then, with a fierce movement he obliterated the word with the sleeve of his robe, and, wheeling round, came to the window. Screwing his monocle into his eye, he leaned from the window, looked with a kind of anxious speculation at the zig-zags of the iron staircase, then carefully examined the sill.

Stepping back, at last, he took up the percolator. His hand was not quite steady; and at some sound behind him, he turned so sharply that coffee deluged over the tray.

It was Gustave Sadoun who had startled him.

The valet stood lantern-jawed and grievous, holding in his hand a silver salver on which lay letters.

Count Vesper snatched them, shuffled them, tossed them back—all except one. This he opened and read. Juggle as he would with the opera-glasses, Clausel could get no glimpse of the writing on the paper.

Vesper looked finally at the valet.

Master and man exchanged a long, inscrutable regard. Then the valet extended a hand, clicked a lighter to flame. Vesper touched a corner of the notepaper to it. The paper flared, curled, blackened to a crisp of ash. Vesper dropped it into the salver. He turned and passed into another room. His great shoulders stooped. It seemed to Clausel, as he reported presently to Inspector Augereau, that the man had aged before his eyes.

Augereau stared. "This word written on the mirror—the valet could be responsible."

Clausel shook his head. "There's perfect understanding between those two, Inspector. Whatever the situation, Gustave is in Vesper's confidence; he knows the full inwardness of it."

"You had the iron stairs under observation all night," said Augereau. "You saw no prowler. You heard nothing. Yet this unknown must somehow have entered Vesper's apartment."

Augereau's left eye grew suffused. "Get me the fingerprints of the valet, Gustave Sadoun."

With the co-operation of the *concierge*, Clausel contrived to get these prints. They bore no resemblance to the print of the mutilated finger, which interested Augereau.

Augereau assigned more men to the case. Reports streamed in.

While he was dining with a feminine companion at the *Closerie des Lilas*, Count Vesper's mask of reptile reticence was clawed suddenly from him, he was struck haggard and tremulous, by the inexplicable appearance of the word *VENGEANCE* scored across the menu.

That menu, spirited away to Inspector Augereau, yielded the prints of four fingers of a hand atrociously maimed.

Augereau thumped his desk. "Clausel, the issue emerges! 'Vengeance'! Count Vesper is, in fact, a murderer. This avenger, this man with a mutilated hand, is on his trail. But if he's a murderer, Clausel, no private vengeance must be allowed to cheat the guillotine of his neck. Count Vesper is *our* prey. This would-be avenger must be trapped. He must be made to tell us what he knows of the deeds of Count Vesper."

"Inspector," said Clausel, "this mutilation —" A young man with a thin, keen face, he looked up eagerly over the reading-lens he held. "Thumbscrews!"

"Comment?" Augereau snatched photographs and lens. He pored over the prints, his eye inflamed. "It could be," he muttered. "Yes, Clausel, you're right. Mutilation by thumbscrews —"

At that moment, the telephone shrilled.

Augereau snatched it up. He listened for some seconds, spoke curtly, clapped the instrument down on its hooks.

"That was Blanc," he said. "Count Vesper has just walked out of the *Théâtre du Rond Point*. You know they place cards on reserved seats. When the usherette leading Vesper to his *fauteuil* picked up the card there, she screamed and fainted. The word on the card was not 'Reserved.' It was—'DEATH'!"

He looked at the black, photographed enlargements of the four mutilated fingerprints. They seemed to mock him. He felt something akin to an obsession to defeat the design of Count Vesper's elusive nemesis.

It was a battle of wits for the fate of Jules Vesper—a battle to decide whether the avenger should have him or the guillotine. "I'll win this duel, Clausel," Augereau vowed, "if it's the last thing I do."

Yet on the very next afternoon, while breaking the Cellophane of a new pack of cards direct from the office of the secretary of the *Salle Kleber*, Vesper was seen, by a police agent now established in the club as a waiter, to hurl the pack suddenly from him.

His hands shook. He rose with difficulty from his chair. His face was livid. His lizard eyes, sunk deep under bony ridges, held a sightless stare of misery and dread.

"He's near the end of his tether," said Perroquet, the agent who brought the pack of cards to Augereau.

Augereau fanned the cards out over his desk. Every card in the pack was an ace of spades.

Augereau glared up with a vivid eye. "What has the secretary to say to this?"

"He can't account for it," he issued the pack direct from a locked drawer in his desk. I examined the drawer," said Perroquet. "There was no sign of tampering."

"What kind of a phantom do we deal with?"

Augereau raged. "He enters Vesper's flat under Clausel's very nose—unseen. He walks into the *Closerie des Lilas* and scrawls on the menu at Vesper's table. Did he pose as a waiter? Impossible, we are told. What of the nearby diners? None was seen to approach Vesper's table. *Tonnerre!* And the *Théâtre du Rond Point*—how were the cards switched on the *fauteuil*? Blanc was present—he saw nothing. Now, this—this pack of cards! In the name of St. Denis, what are we dealing with? A ghost?"

He thumped his desk.

"No, my friends," he said. "Ghosts don't leave fingerprints. It's not fear of a ghost that's reduced Count Vesper in a few days from the arrogant to the abject—"

"I agree," Perroquet said. "His condition's real enough, beyond doubt. He's on the edge of collapse. He can't go on. Mark me, Inspector, he'll take his own life—"

"Suicide?" Augereau was startled. "Can that be the object of this elusive avenger?" He pondered. "But no. This is revenge. This ingenious, elusive, vindictive man with the tragically maimed hand—would he let Vesper choose his own way out? Deny himself the consummation of so refined a hatred—the last, lethal ecstasy of the *coup-de-grâce*? Never! He'll strike the final blow himself. If he's not to be cheated of his cherished consummation, he must strike soon. He must strike, probably, *to-night!*"

IN the Rue du Général Langlois, a single bracket-lamp burned wanly on the high stone wall that truncated the *cul-de-sac*.

From just inside the door of the garden opposite, Inspector Augereau, with two men at his shoulder, peered obliquely down the *cul-de-sac*. With a hum and flash, an occasional car swept past along the Avenue, Henri Martin.

Augereau was glancing anxiously, for the tenth time, at the luminous dial of his wrist-watch when Clausel hissed, "Listen!"

Augereau heard a car changing down. Lights swivelled round into the *cul-de-sac*. The car was a taxi. It pulled up outside the house opposite the door in the garden wall. The driver

(Continued on page 64)



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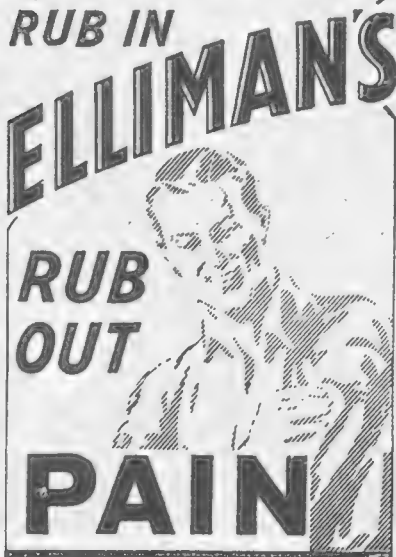
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November

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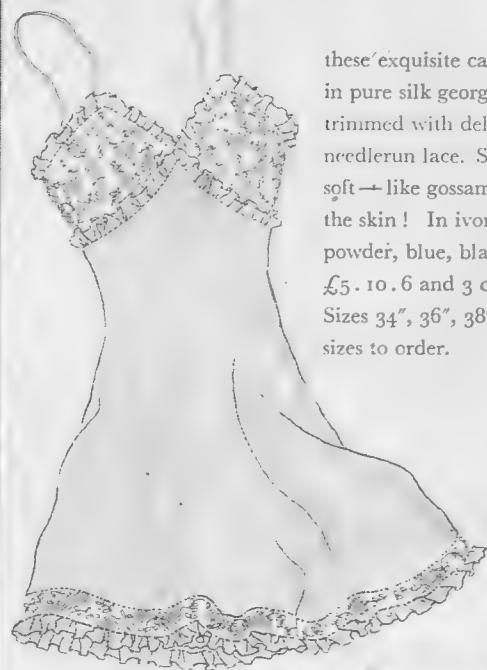
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WON'T SHRINK

twisted back an arm to open the taxi door. "Voilà, monsieur," he said impatiently, as no one stepped out.

Augereau's hand was clamped hard on the butt of his automatic. He had a vision of Vesper sitting dead there in the taxi; but slowly, cautiously, a figure stepped out. It was Vesper, shoulders hunched under a great-coat, felt hat pulled low over his eyes. He paid the driver, who let his taxi coast back down the slope before engaging his clutch.

The Count's right hand was deep in his pocket. Glancing continually from side to side, he mounted the wide steps to the door. It was of frosted glass and wrought-iron; a dim light burned behind it. He pressed a button. Waiting for the *concierge* to operate the door from the basement, Vesper seemed acutely conscious that he was silhouetted against the light. When the door clicked open, he thrust in incontinently. The door whirled shut.

Augereau stepped from the garden. Up the slope from the avenue came two figures, silently running. They were the men he had had as shadows on Vesper.

"Where's he been all evening?" whispered Augereau.

"At dinner in the Avenue Victor Hugo. Nothing happened."

"H'm-h'm," said Augereau. "Clausel, keep these two men with you. You others, you've been briefed; you know your posts. The rest are already in position. The flat's been checked; there's no one there but Sadoun, the valet. Clausel, I shall be at the window from which you watched previously. One glimpse of a prowler, any of you—grab him and blow your whistle. Forward!"

He crossed the road, mounted the steps, pressed the button in a signal arranged with the *concierge*. The door whirled open. In the dim, marble-floored hall, the men distributed themselves to their posts. Two of the men mounted the stairs.

Augereau went through to the inner courtyard. From the foot of the spiral iron staircase, a shadow stepped.

"Blanc?" Augereau whispered. "Vesper's arrived. Don't take your eyes off these stairs for an instant. I shall be up at the window there."

With a key obtained from the *concierge*, the inspector opened a door across the courtyard. Using his flashlamp, he went up four flights of stairs, let himself into the vacant apartment. He had reconnoitred it earlier. Not using his torch now, he felt his way to the window. It was open. He leaned out. Just across the courtyard, chinks of light showed round the brocade curtains of Count Vesper's bedroom.

Augereau felt on his face the cool, wraith-like touch of the misting rain. He peered down through the rods of the iron staircase into the black well of the courtyard. All was still. The only light anywhere was that glimmer round the Count's curtains. What was he doing in that room? Sitting on his bed, gun in hand, his gargoyle mouth twitching, his lizard eyes darting at every faint creak of a floorboard, every hint of a breath stealthily drawn?

Augereau's left eye burned and winked as he drew in his head from the rain. There was no gap in his cordon. If the avenger came, he'd find himself in the meshes of the net. He'd be made to tell what he knew about Count Vesper; and if Vesper were, in fact, a murderer, he'd go to the guillotine.

Augereau groped behind him for a chair in which to settle himself for his vigil. His hand touched cloth. The cloth moved under his touch. He heard the faint creak of a floorboard, the hint of a breath stealthily drawn. He opened his mouth to shout and a pad of cloth, reeking sickly sweet, was rammed over his lips and nose, his head was ground back against a bony shoulder, his right wrist was gripped and twisted. He writhed. He mewed through the cloth. Even in that instant of spinning darkness, suffocating nausea, reeling senses, he was aware of the appalling mutilation of the powerful, warped fingers that gripped his wrist.

That was his last thought as consciousness left him, his first when it returned.

He was lying on his back on the floor of the vacant flat. Clausel was on one knee beside

Count Of Ten

him, a hand on his shoulder: Clausel's nostrils twitched.

"Chloroform!"

"That, yes," said Augereau weakly. His gorge heaved abortively as he dragged himself to a sitting posture. He stroked his right wrist; he still could feel there the clutch of crippled fingers. He ached and shivered. Daylight struck between the partly drawn curtains. Daylight! His left eye glared stark and sore. "Mon Dieu, what time is it?"

"Eight o'clock," said Clausel. "The milkman's been. I've made the rounds of the men. All was quiet in the night. Nothing was seen. Nothing was heard. Yet—" he stammered—"yet—I come to you for your orders, and find you—"

"Fools!" said Augereau. He staggered to his feet. "You blind, dumb fools," he said thickly. "'All was quiet in the night'! He came, I tell you—probably by some rear window in this part of the house. By immobilizing me, he made a gap in the cordon. He crept across to Vesper's apartment by the iron staircase. He struck. He returned by the iron staircase, passed my unconscious hulk here, and departed the way he came. He's defeated us, Clausel—his elusive avenger." Count Vesper is as surely a dead man as Bonaparte in his tomb. And you prate to me, 'All was quiet in the night'!"

He peered out across the courtyard. The brocade curtains of Count Vesper's bedroom were closed and blank, like those of a house that mourned.

Yet, at that instant, an agitation troubled the curtains. Hands gripped and parted them. The glum valet, his eyes close-set under his oiled fringe, opened the window. On a table nearby he had set a breakfast tray bearing a napkin of *croissants* and a bulbous glass percolator.

Without a glance at the bed, and clearly unaware as yet that an avenger had passed that way in the night, the valet moved decorously from the room.

Next second, Augereau's red eye started from his head. For into his range of vision moved the figure of Count Vesper himself.

The Count tightened the cord of his dragon-patterned silk robe, passed his hands over his hair, gleaming black like enamel. Fitting a cigarette into a holder, he moved to the dressing-table, peered closely at his reflection, pulling down the lower lid of each eye.

Screwing his monocle into his eye, he came to the table in the window. His wide, thin mouth was smiling. His air was that of a man from whose mind some great weight, some crushing burden of fear, providentially had been lifted. He took up the percolator, poured coffee with a steady hand.

The valet came in again. Lantern-jawed and secretive, he stood holding in his hand a silver salver on which lay letters. Count Vesper took them up casually, shuffled through them, tossed them back.

He looked at Gustave Sadoun. The valet extended a hand, clicked a lighter to flame. Between master and man passed a long look of profound mutual comprehension. Then Count Vesper dipped his cigarette in the flame, and, with all his old, almost tigerish force and arrogance, passed into another room.

Augereau clapped the curtains together. "You saw, Clausel?"

"He's safe," said Clausel, bewildered.

"The Count, yes," said Augereau, his eye glowing. "But what of the avenger? He entered by the gap he made in the cordon. He could have been carried out by the same way. Who scored the knock-out in the night, Clausel? Why is the smile on the face of the tiger? Come, man, come!"

They were back in half an hour with a search warrant for the Count's apartment. Nothing of significance was found there. The peculiar persecution of Count Vesper came to an end with that night. No trace ever was discovered of the elusive avenger whose fingerprints, shockingly mutilated, remained unidentified in the dossier on Count Vesper, who had walked in the Avenue Kleber with the statement, "I AM A MURDERER" on his back.

END

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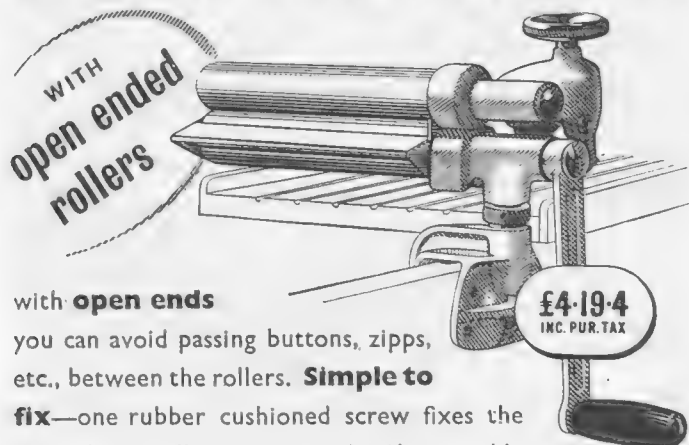
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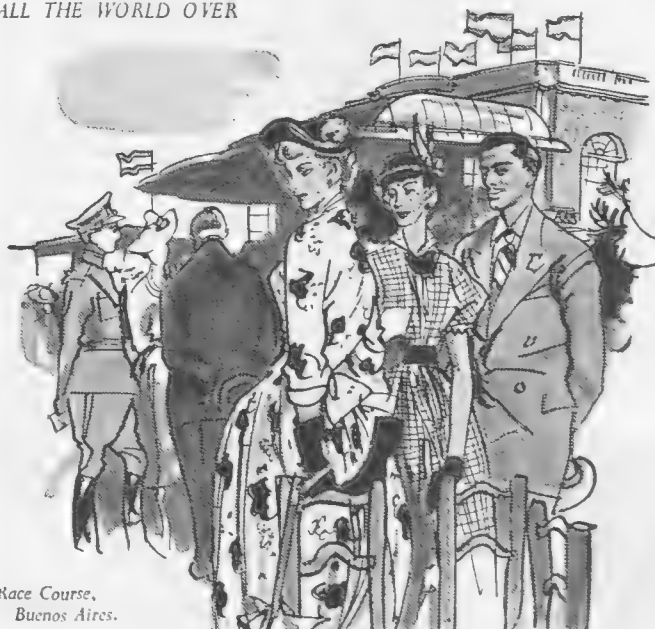
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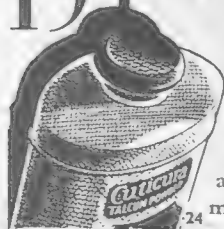
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VACUUM CLEANER

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Heroes Innumerable (Continued from page 28)

"From these steps Naval heroes innumerable . . ." quoted he. He'd never be one of them himself, but then it takes all sorts to make a world.

"Heroes innumerable?" she asked, and her eyes were misty. "Hawkins. Drake. Nelson. Especially Nelson. He was such a little man, wasn't he?"

"He was," agreed Lampy, who was six foot, and always cracking his skull on the bulkhead and cursing it. He didn't think so much of little men. The captain was a little man!

"A wonderful little man!" said she.

The conversation wasn't going quite the way that Lampy had intended, so he took her along to the wardroom. The wardroom had already gone gay, and everybody was in everybody else's jacket, and if the buttons burst so much the better. The captain was a snottie with the most regrettable back view; Stinker had got into his frock coat, and now Lampy realized that Stinker was a little man, too! Never mind that, the thing to do was to impress Grizelda with the thought that Lampy knew some nice people.

"Please introduce me," said Stinker, coming up.

Grizelda was wafted towards Stinker, and Stinker held out a cordial hand.

"Oh, he's a strawberry blond," gasped Grizelda glowingly. What Lampy was thinking was unrepeatable.

It is quite true that Grizelda had not appreciated the potency of the Naval cocktail, which is in very truth a man's drink. It was Christmas. None of this could have happened save under the influence of the paper chain and the pink gin. But it did happen. When Grizelda looked at Stinker with all those gold stripes on his arm, she saw one of the heroes innumerable, small, with straw-coloured hair and bright blue eyes, and she felt herself going swimmy! Stinker had taken the precaution to key himself up to the pitch that could do this dreadful thing, and was now completely ashamed. He had finished his wine bill for the month, and he one of those abstemious young gentlemen who usually sold it to some of the less teetotal members of his mess. The Jitterbug was at stake and he wanted to own her more than anything else in his life.

"Charmed," said he in an unreal voice, and he patted Grizelda's hand, and it was plain that she liked to have her hand patted by one so exalted. Now Stinker did not shrink as he would have done normally; he spun upwards into one of those seventh heavens of haze only sensed by pure gin.

"Such a crowd, we can't talk here," said Stinker. "Tell you what, we'll go ashore and have lunch somewhere. What do you think?"

"Delightful," said Grizelda. "To tell you the truth this place is making my head ache a tiny bit. I think the drinks have been doped."

He barged his way out of the wardroom and Lampy followed. This wasn't going to pattern. "Anyway he'll never get off the ship," he promised himself.

Again, he did!

The Christmas spirit is very permeating. By now Stinker had completely forgotten that he wore the captain's frock coat, and the captain was going about with a back view that had to be seen to be believed. Stinker pulled on his greatcoat, and it covered a multitude of youthful sins. He knew that Lampy was bubbling something about flaying the hide off him, and seeing him damned, but the haze of pink gin quietened any qualms he might have felt as he walked past Lampy, the lady's hand on his arm. They went over the side and down into the waiting picket boat with Lampy as some sort of bridesmaid muttering the most unbridesmaidlike language.

The boat landed them with little to-do. It was snowing lightly, and one of those nippy winds was blowing up the Solent. Aboard, the idea of shore had been full of jollity; ashore, on board seemed to be a good deal more exciting. The three of them went into Pompey and the world looked very gloomy even if they were a little elated. The thing to do was to put some zip into it. "Pep it

up," suggested Lampy. The inhabitants were all indoors and concentrating on the Christmas dinners which were to provide the high spots of the day. The three walked into the High Street.

"Oh, do let's go and see that dear little gate in the wall," said Grizelda. "Heroes something or other. . . ." and then in rather a giggly voice to Stinker, "you know you're a hero really. A very great hero to me."

She was a little pet! He felt as though he were indeed a hero and as such must show her a thing or two. They went to the little door through which so many and so brave have walked.

"It doesn't look true," she said. "I just can't imagine any hero walking down that."

"They never do now," confessed Lampy, who was seeing red.

"Except in fairy tales," she suggested.

Stinker was stirred to action. Never had he felt so wonderful. The desire to give her a picture of a hero innumerable came to him, and the desire welled up so fast greatly assisted by the fact that he had swallowed his entire wine bill for a month.

"I'll show you," said he, and, flinging aside his great coat, he went down the steps.

"Be careful, you fool!" called Lampy.

"Oh, don't, oh don't go away!" besought Grizelda.

In the life of every man there is a tide which, taken at its flood, leads on to victory, though perhaps this wasn't exactly one of those. For a single moment a snottie with straw-coloured hair dressed as a captain was walking down the steps, and the next moment he was in the ditch with a strong current running. The couple at the top of the steps saw that something had gone wrong. A frock coat is not the best swimsuit, and Stinker was not an expert swimmer. If it hadn't been for a decrepit-looking old salt in a tarry boat who happened to see what was afoot there might have been a débacle.

The old salt got Stinker into his boat. "What the 'ell . . . ?" said the old salt.

Stinker did not recover until he found himself lying in the sick bay. Dimly he saw his cuff and believed that he must have drowned and speedy promotion had been the first bestowal of Heaven. He felt extremely ill. He lay there most of the day and hardly knew that Christmas had come and gone. Lampy visited him.

"By Jove," said Lampy, "doing that in the old man's frock coat! Even Nelson wouldn't have dared. . . ."

"I tell you . . . I didn't know. . . ."

"I'm going up to see her in her new show. I tell you I've made a hit. She likes the Navy. Says we did her proud."

"I'll say we did! Heroes and all."

"As to the Jitterbug. Pick her up when you want her."

"I shan't want her. They'll cancel my leave."

"Oh, you never know your luck. A dozen of the best, I'd say . . ." prophesied Lampy hopefully.

Much later the captain himself came in. When the old man takes notice the whole ship talks, but Stinker was his cousin. He dismissed the steward and looked at Stinker lying there pale as a lily and with the permanent taste of salt water in his mouth where once it had been only gin. All the same, he reminded the captain of his own mother, who had looked very much like that once.

He said, "What the hell made you do it?"

Stinker told the truth. He had to do something to get the Jitterbug, and he had got very drunk. After that there was no holding him, for you can't keep a hero down.

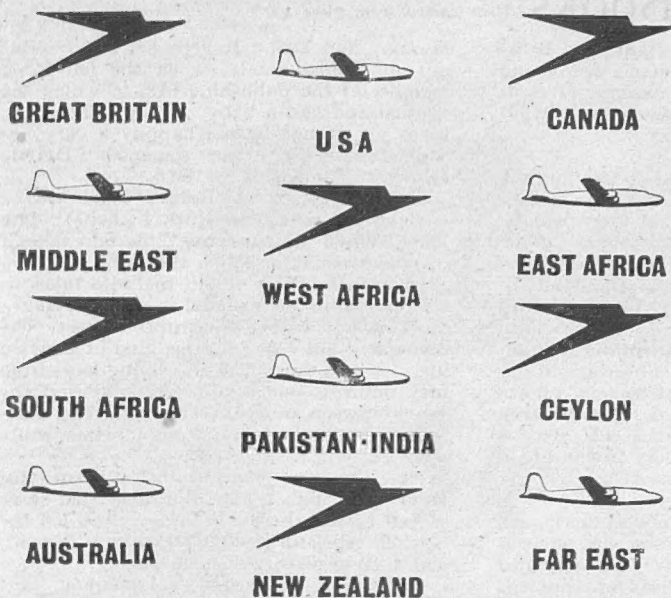
"I shall be dismissed the Service," he said.

The captain looked at him with bland blue eyes. Somewhere in the distance a concertina was giving a very raucous rendering of "Silent Night."

The captain said, "At Christmas nobody's memory is very long. I suggest that we forget it."

All of which goes to show that not all of the heroes innumerable have walked down the steps at Pompey—not even at Christmas!

END



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Books (Continued from page 41)

months later a skeleton, sextant, and boots which might have been a woman's were found on Gardner Island. Mrs. Iremonger gives us an intimate picture of a housewife in the wilds and the native life around her.

A RIDDLE of nature is how the hunting wasp contrives to paralyse its victims without killing them, so that they will lie dormant and provide living food for its larvae, which could not survive on corpses. Mr. John Crompton makes a fascinating study of this and other habits in "The Hunting Wasp" (Collins, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Richard Perry's "In the High Gramplians" (Lindsay Drummond, 15s.) is an absorbing study of nature life there, with excellent photographs; Mr. Roy Bedichek's "Adventures with a Naturalist" (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), a rambling record of the wonders of wild life in U.S.A., written by an enthusiast.

WHAT I note first in the novels this month is that Mr. C. S. Forester has shelved Hornblower and gone native. "The Sky and the Forest" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) concerns an African chief and demi-god, Loa, who is carried off by Arab slave-traders, rescued by his wife and son, lost in the forest, and eventually returns to his people to become a sort of black dictator and empire builder before falling to the white man's guns. In many ways he is an ugly piece of work who carries an axe for use, not ornament, and it may be that Mr. Forester wanted to show the change wrought in him by captivity and hardship, with a satirical slant on dictators generally. Forester in the forest is vivid enough, but can we accept Loa as anything like a fair swap for the salty Hornblower? Come out of the wood, sir! The quarterdeck has been holystoned, white ensign calls!

MISS NORAH C. JAMES prefers a simple story about ordinary London people who eat at Lyons: Johnny, a cub reporter on a local paper and his girl Marigold who, when he made love to her and she wanted to respond the way she felt, "always thought hard about

Mummy and Dad. It kept her safe." But not so, unfortunately, when she fell for a member of the publishing firm in which she worked and had a baby. Johnny, however, turns up trumps to end happily a very unsophisticated, suburban romance "Brittle Glory" (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.).

Two published by Robert Hale are of varying appeal. Miss Ruth Feiner's "The Day Before To-morrow" (9s. 6d.) takes a marriage tangle in which the third party—a Free French officer whom the wife takes as boarder while the husband is away serving—has a healing as well as disruptive effect. The dialogue is enlivened by this kind of slant on life: "Up to thirty one is a young fool; from fifty onwards one is an old fool. And the years between are spent with regretting one's former follies and preparing for the future ones."

Mr. Stephen Southwold's "Immortal Dyer" (8s. 6d.) is the admirably told story of Jeff Lister, the Norwich dyer who led the Norfolk rebels in the 1381 Peasants' Revolt, and a vivid picture of his period.

Divertingly light and entertaining, is a reprint of Mr. H. B. Cresswell's "Thomas" (Faber, 8s. 6d.), the story of holiday exploits with a car, Susan, in the 1913 days when cars, as pets, could be as temperamental as Siamese cats.

OTHER books recommended to readers include:

MISCELLANEOUS

Armchair farmers will enjoy E. M. Barraud's reminiscences of farming in "Tail Corn" (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.); the romance of Norfolk's history and the beauties of the countryside are brought to life by R. H. Mottram in "Norfolk" (Paul Elek, 9s. 6d.), charmingly illustrated by Kenneth Rowntree. "Dogs in Britain" by Clifford Hubbard (Macmillan, 21s.) is perhaps for the dog lover, certainly for the dog expert. Ethel Mannin's "German Journey" (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), a brilliantly penned story of the broken Reich behind the rubble.

In Search Of Glamour (Continued from page 42)

entrancing Tufted Bath Mats, 37 ins. x 27 ins. in the most tempting shades of rose pink, jade green, salmon pink and real nursery blue and I only paid 36s. 5d. for each mat. Needless to say they are washable and would be equally good for nurseries as well as bathrooms. There is also an excellent washable mat, 36 ins. x 25 ins., at 34s. 6d. which I found in Oxford Street. I chose two, one with a green and white mixture centre bordered

with green and the other a blue and white centre bordered with blue. In both cases these mats are called Hi-Pile and the label says they are recommended for the home, the bathroom, the pram. Personally, I think they would be far more useful as a nursery rug rather than a pram rug and our joy of this type of present is that they are coupon free.

END

The Mystery Of Migration

(Continued from page 15)

flew the 2,000 miles from England to Newfoundland in a winter gale. The late H. F. Witherby, famous authority on British birds, wrote of this great flight: "To realize the immensity of the performance it must be understood that only hunger would drive them from this country. Therefore they must have begun their epic flight in a semi-starved condition, and been forced to keep on wing for well over thirty hours."

What is it that enables a bird to leave a spot in one country, fly perhaps two thousand miles across unknown lands and seas, and then, six months later, to wing its way back and settle again in the exact place it had left? This is another of the mysteries of migration. Some people believe that birds have a sort of magnetic compass in their heads, but the evidence for this belief is not convincing. It

used to be thought that adult birds, which had made the migratory flight before taught their offspring the way. But we know to-day that many young birds migrate independently of their parents.

Some of the phenomena of migration seem to point to the possession by some birds, at least, of a sense of location which enables them to keep constantly orientated with a given spot. How else can we explain the behaviour of albatrosses and petrels which breed on the remote islands of Tristan da Cunha and Laysan? These birds spend months at sea and wander many thousands of miles in all directions. Yet when the breeding urge is on them they wing their way, as though drawn by a magnet, to the tiny island in mid-ocean which is their home.

END

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a bright yellow long-sleeved top and a red skirt with a vertical pleated design, stands in the center. She is holding a dark bag over her shoulder. The background is a collage of various fabric swatches, including checks, pinheads, and stripes, arranged in a layered, overlapping fashion. The overall style is mid-20th-century fashion advertisement.

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THESE FOODS FOR HEALTH AND GROWTH

There's MILK — Nature's finest "all-round" nourishment for young growing creatures! Children need every drop of their Priority Milk for making firm muscle, straight bones, and for its growth-promoting vitamins. So don't let any of the children's milk find its way into the family teacups.

There are two other foods that children sometimes go without because it is not always realised that they *are* foods — COD LIVER OIL and ORANGE JUICE. These are not medicines for little invalids but foods needed by normal children all the year round.

COD LIVER OIL helps make bones grow straight and strong and aids the development of sound teeth. It also protects from eye trouble and strengthens natural resistance to illness.

ORANGE JUICE makes and keeps teeth and gums healthy, gives a lovely clear skin and guards from infection.

EGGS are also rich in body-building nourishment children need.

FRUIT when available is a healthy treat — but get it in addition to, not instead of, the orange juice.

HOW TO GET PRIORITY FOODS

You get Cod Liver Oil and Orange Juice from special distribution centres, clinics, food offices and other convenient places. Your Food Office will tell you your nearest, but you need not go to the same place every time. There are special coupons in the Green Ration Book for these two foods. You pay 5s. a bottle for Orange Juice by sticking postage stamps on the coupons; but it is free in some circumstances. Cod Liver Oil is always free.

MILK, EGGS AND FRUIT. These you get at your usual

retailers on the Green Ration Book — the milk at reduced price, or free in certain circumstances. Babies can have National Dried Milk instead of liquid milk, and your Food Office will tell you how to get this.

Your Food Office will help you

If there are any details you want to know, or if you are not clear about anything, do go and ask your Food Office to tell you. It is there to help you.

